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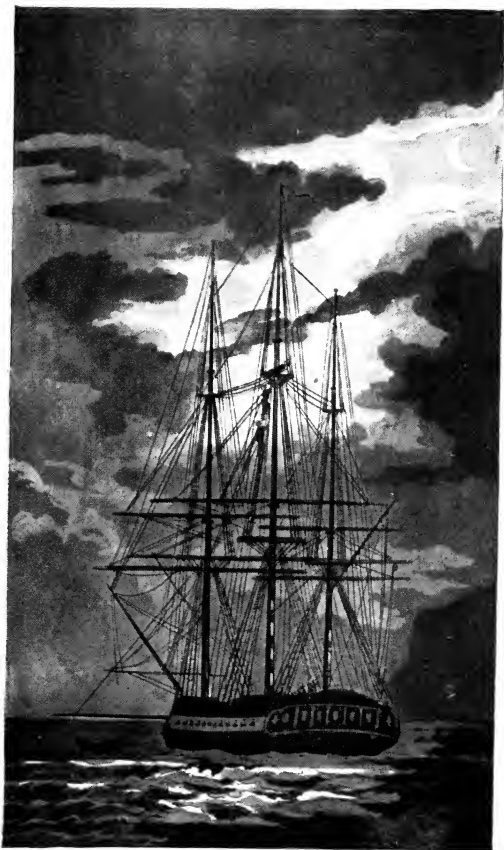
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THE ADVENTURES OF
JOHNNY NEWCOME
IN THE NAVY

'Dulce bellum inexpertis'

13



A-SLEEP AT THE MAST-HEAD

W. Read, Sculpt

THE ADVENTURES OF
JOHNNY NEWCOME
IN THE NAVY

A POEM, IN FOUR CANTOS
BY ALFRED BURTON

WITH SIXTEEN COLOURED PLATES
BY T. ROWLANDSON FROM THE
AUTHOR'S DESIGNS

A NEW EDITION

METHUEN AND CO.
LONDON
1904

NOTE

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1904

THE ADVENTURES OF
JOHNNY NEWCOME

ETC.

CANTO I

YE Worthies, who, at home at ease,
Need study but yourselves to please,—
Who, when ye hear the Wintry sleet
Against the rattling window beat,
Bid Betty stir the parlour fire,
And raise the screen of damask higher.

Or who, when Summer's sultry breath
The Blue-bell scorches on the Heath
Beneath the cool veranda lean,
And'gainst the climatevent your spleen,—

A

The climate, still your only foe,
And sigh again for frost and snow !
Think ye that others more enjoy
The hours which you so much annoy ?
Think ye that he who rides the wave,
When keen December's whirlwinds rave,—
Or, gasping on the burning Line,
D—ns the calm surface of the brine ;
Think ye that he—we ask again—
Hath not more reason to complain ?

Oh ! if ye doubt it ; ye must deem
His fortunes other than they seem ;
Must deem, when once return'd on
shore,
He drains the bitter cup no more ;
Deem peril, absence, all repaid
By bounteous Country—faithful Maid :
—'Tis haply well !—The many still
Resign their faith, opinion, will,

And, passively supine, submit
To Leaders void of truth as wit!
Think—that to think at all's too bold,
So e'er believe whate'er they're told:
But you! the few who dare to trust
Your own perceptions, and be just!
Attend our tale! a tale, in sooth,
Whose firm foundation rests on truth!
Alas! the Muse may challenge man
To contradict her where he can.

Cast but thine eye a-down the vale,
And mark the spire of FURROWDALE!
'Mid yonder elms! that village spire,
Whose vane the sun-beams bathe with fire,
Ere yet behind the green-wood's crest
The lingering orb reclines to rest.

Let us descend! for rising cold
The breeze of evening sweeps the wold:

Now halt!—beneath this sheltering tree
At easier distance can we see
The cot, which, by the church-yard side,
Rears its neat thatch in modest pride,
With lawn in front, and close around,
The garden with its flow'rets crown'd,
The woodbine wreathing o'er the door,
With antique porch advanc'd before ;
That woodbine wreathes not mantling now,
Free, as of old, its lavish bough ;
For stranger hands, and modern taste,
Have circumscrib'd its blooming waste :
Where fretwork now and stucco shine,
Once clung the golden Jessamine,
And once the Marten built her nest,
The rural harbinger of rest :
But naked now, and glittering all,
Appears the mansion's blanched wall.
Yet spite of art, its aspect chill,
Hath something venerable still,

As if it would to Fancy's heart,

What once indeed it was, impart!

—Then where is he, whose fostering
hand

First bade those clustering shrubs ex-
pand?

Whose classic and whose chaste design
Traced yonder path of serpentine?

Where is he! wouldst thou really know?

Yon beggar, bent with age and woe,

Demand of him! then mark his cheek,

Its tear can more than volumes speak.

Oh! blessings Heaven on his head,

For whom the poor man's tear is shed!

—Beneath that hillock, where the yew

Distils her pestilential dew,

And scarce a languid blade is found

To wither o'er the barren ground;

Nay, not the daisy dares to creep,—

The Pastor's hallow'd ashes sleep!—

—The balmy breath of June's fair morn
Waved the red poppies in the corn,
The Martens underneath the eaves
Were twittering 'mong the woodbine
leaves,

When leaning o'er the Parsonage gate,
The Vicar, listening, seem'd to wait ;
At length a horse's tramp he hears,—
A yeoman—next a youth appears,
Forth issuing from the shady lane ;
He sprang to clasp his boy again.
'Twas JOHNNY on his little steed,
From school that merry morning freed ;
Then out his little sisters sprung,
And, fondly kissing, round him clung ;
While did their cheeks, that shamed the
rose,

More lovely drops of dew disclose,
For pleasure in their sparkling eyes
Bade gems of innocence arise.

Out too the joyful Matron flew,
First press'd, then stood her son to view ;
Her pride (a Mother's ! who can blame ?)
Remarked his growth and manlier frame.

Poor Johnny's heart was not of ice,
Nor chill'd by Fashion, warp'd by Vice ;
He sobb'd, indeed, as if 'twere broken,—
He could not, or he would have spoken.

The Sire beheld the Mother's bliss,
The Brother's tear, the Sister's kiss,
And with a fond, yet mournful look,
The stripling's ready hand he took :
The playful sisters hied before ;
One opened wide the cottage door ;
The other cried, ' Dear Johnny, see !
' Your flowers were not forgot by me ;
' Your spaniel too—where's Rover ? come,
And bid your Master welcome home !'

But John had mark'd his Father's eye,
And felt depress'd, he knew not why ;
Yet by its glance, too well could see
All was not as it ought to be.
The Mother, still whose fix'd intent,
Whose very soul on John was bent,
Read not that piteous look of love,
Where tenderness with honour strove ;
(Stern Honour ! thine illusive dart
Wrings many a parent's anguish'd heart !)
Whatever 'twas, the passing pang
No longer seem'd to overhang
The pensive Father's brightening brow ;
Whatever 'twas, 'twas vanish'd now ;
And Johnny strove in vain to trace
The fleeting feeling in his face.

Perhaps the good man *could not* crush
The filial, the fraternal flush

Of youthful joy, but held, that man
Had best be happy while he can,
And Johnny soon enough might know,
Without anticipation, woe.

—The day, the eve sank down in glee,
And innocent hilarity.

John, thinking all his troubles over,
Slept, like a top, that night in clover.

But on the morrow, when the Dame
To breakfast's social circle came,
A tear would tremble in her eye,
And oft she check'd a struggling sigh,
While tenderly each anxious child
Inquir'd the cause in accent mild ;
Grief seem'd their little hearts to fill—
'Mamma,' they said, 'look'd sadly ill,—
'The post this morn a letter brought ;
'Could *that* affect her thus?' they thought.

Still their Sire's brow spoke no alarm,
'Twas serious indeed, but calm.

He rose, and toward the hayfields wide
Walked forth, with Johnny by his side :
—' I know, my boy, your heart and mind
' Have left, far left your years behind ;
' Then for a while attention lend,
' Less to your Father, than your friend !
' —In happier days I've given scope
' To a long cherish'd—blasted hope,
That you, my child, by science led,
' The milder paths of fame might tread ;
' Your voice at Britain's glorious Bar
' Might hurl Injustice from her car ;
' The subtle tide of logic turn,
' And high forensic honours earn.
' Or had your calmer, purer thought
' Religion's holy precepts sought,

' I hoped this cure you might have borne
' Long after I was dead and gone.
' These were my hopes, and, I confess,
' I scarcely can regret suppress
' To find them vain—for now no more
' My purse contains its wonted store ;
' The College, or the Temple's cost
' Would all my failing funds exhaust :
' Yet 'twas for this at earliest age
' Your studies sought the classic page,
' And thence, tho' young, my son I view,
' A scholar—but a Christian too !

' Your trip to school I less design'd
' Should shew you authors, than mankind ;
' Your principles I knew secure ;—
' A school's a world in miniature,
' And arts and passions boys reveal,
' Which older scoundrels can conceal.

‘ The Bank which fail’d the other day
‘ Swept all my little wealth away,
‘ And scarce hath left (my life cut short)
‘ Your orphan sisters a support.
‘ The church preferment which I hold
‘ Is in reversion given, or sold ;
‘ Some kinsman of our neighbour *Weed*,
‘ The ’squire, is destin’d to succeed ;
‘ Yet barring this, my patron’s mind
‘ Toward me seems liberal and kind ;
‘ His borough interest and weight
‘ The Admiralty serv’d of late,
‘ Whence he conceives they must attend
‘ To those whom he may recommend ;
‘ And knowing that our recent loss
‘ Must all my prospects greatly cross,
‘ His Lordship promises, if I
‘ The NAVY for my boy will try,
‘ His strongest efforts shall assist
‘ In your advancement on the list ;

‘ And in effect, this very morn,
‘ The Captain of the *Capricorn*,
‘ His nephew, writes to me, to say,
‘ She sails upon an early day ;
‘ And, at the instance of my Lord,
‘ He offers you a birth on board.’

The Father paus’d, and anxiously
Appear’d, awaiting John’s reply.
—Now John had read in times of old,
How Britain’s naval warriors bold
From foreign Chieftains tore the laurel ;
And whether just or not her quarrel,
To them at least it matter’d not,
For all her Foes they sent to pot.

How Spanish Mothers stilled their Brats
With Howard’s name ; and how, like
cats,
Our Fleets ran after theirs like mice,
And gobbled all up in a trice.

How when the Pope refused to bless,
What dire portent ! our poor queen Bess,
His most obsequious slave the Don
Came bullying, blustering, bouncing on,
Till down a peg his pride to pluck
She sent forth Drake, and made him
duck.

Nay, John had heard in later days
(That endless theme of worthless lays)
Of Nelson's never-dying name ;
Who has not heard of Nelson's fame ?
But Nelson then was yet alive,
And saw his own ' red honours ' thrive ;
(Unlike the bard's, which rarely bloom
Before the chaplets twine the tomb !)

What marvel then, if martial story
Had given John a thirst for Glory !
' He might himself hereafter reap
' Her stormy harvest on the deep.

‘ Heroes had been !—He might be one too !
‘ And Nelson was a parson’s son too !’

Thus argued John ; and since thus
mettled

His Father found him, soon ’twas settled
That he should open his career
At once, as Mid, or Volunteer.

—It mayn’t be here amiss to shew,
(What those who further read will know),
And for a line or two discourse on
Our Hero’s character and person :—
John, you must know, was just sixteen,
Obliging, modest, free from spleen ;
With auburn locks, and forehead high,
A piercing, dark, yet pensive eye ;
His Grecian features wore that cast
Of openness no guile can blast ;

His frame, tho' youthful yet, and slight,
Promised more elegance than might :
But active was his arm, and free
And fleet his foot as Mercury :
And few from him at Prison-base,
Or cricket, bore the ball or race :
Well too could John his Pony rein,
And when the Beagles sought the plain,
Full often with the neighbouring 'Squire
Would gaily dash o'er fence and briar.

Now since no milksop was our Hero,
'Tis fit we prove he was no Nero.—

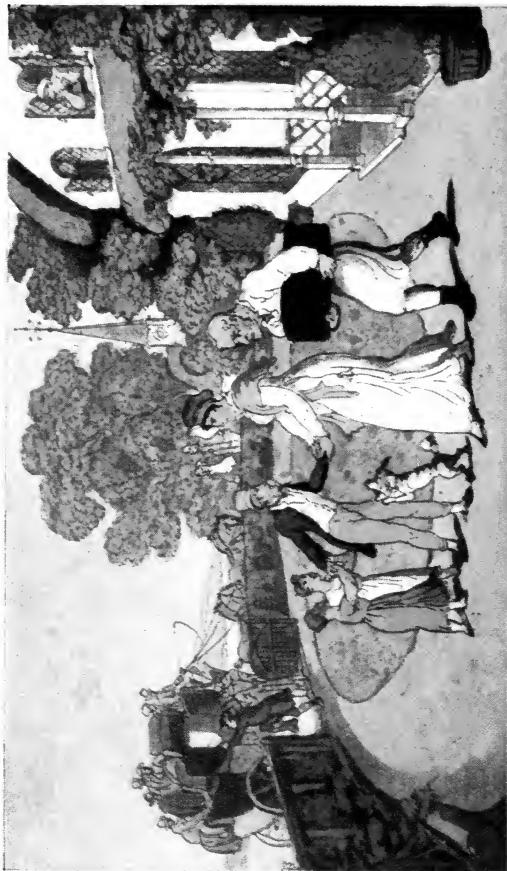
Affection's wish, or sorrow's wail,
Did ne'er in vain his ear assail ;
His Prudence seldom could restrain
Compassion for another's pain :
Among his youthful peers, would he
The gentlest to the gentle be ;

But if deception caught his eye,
 Or trait of Boyish tyranny,
 His indignation wildly forth
 Flash'd, like the streamers of the North.
 For, had we to plain English stuck,
 We'd said, he did not want for pluck ;
 Yet strange, tho' not less true than odd,
 Fearing few things, he feared his God.
 While his opinions, by the bye,
 On Courage, Love, and Courtesy,
 Were equally far out of rule,
 And of the Ossianic school ;
 He'd ever that romantic turn
 Which ne'er at tenderness could spurn ;
 And all his friends, without control,
 He lov'd with all his heart and soul.—

—But now, since '*Brevity is good,*
When we are, or are not understood,'

(So *Butler* thought at least, and we
Are much inclined to think as he)
Let us the dismal day pass o'er
That John from Home and Kindred bore ;
One Reader, from his own may guess
Sensations, verse can ne'er express,—
Another, (bless'd with luckier temper,)
Who fancies Feeling a distemper,
Might not exactly comprehend
What link 'tis fastens friend to friend,
Nor when that link is sever'd, why
Should gush a tear, or burst a sigh,
And to explain to such a mind
Were teaching colours to the Blind.—

Pass we then o'er the gloomy morn,
When listening for the stage-coach horn,
The silent Family collected,
In the front parlour sate dejected ;



Rowlandson, Del.

LEAVING HOME

H. Reed, Sculpt.

Nor do we think it fit to state
How much for breakfast Johnny ate,
Or mention what the Mother feels
When first she hears the sound of
wheels.—

The Coach stopp'd at the garden gate,
And first the Father took his seat ;
John paus'd to share a last embrace,
Then blew his nose, and took his place.—

The steps tucked up, the door bang'd
tight,

The Guard roar'd out, 'All right, all
right' ;

'Yaw ! Babies, hip !' the Driver cried,
With whistle, stamp, and lash thrown
wide ;

And on the reeling carriage passed :
John thought it went confounded fast :
His mother, as it left her view,
And his young sisters waved adieu.—

The Cottagers, as they went on,
Bawl'd out, ' Good luck to Master John !'
He looked a farewell to the Church ;
Just then the Dial, o'er the porch,
Its shadow threw on half-past ten ;
Both warning and instructing men,
For, lest the passenger might scorn it,
The rustic Artist, to adorn it,
Exhausted all his learned budget
In one trite motto, '*Tempus fugit.*'—
' It does, indeed ! and so do I,'
Thought Johnny, as they pass'd it by,
' I might with Melibœus say,
' Nos Patriam—et cetera.'—

——Good Reader, pause ! ere ye begin
At John to shew your teeth, and grin !—
Deem ye a sigh ; nay, e'en a tear,
A sign of weakness or of fear,

When far from all we love we roam?
 Can ye love him, who loves not home?
 Or think such cold and heartless wight
 Will truly for his *Country* fight!——

——It happen'd in the inside none
 Were lolling, save the sire and son;
 Thus luckily no foreign eye
 Could either's agitation spy;
 For man still hugs a sort of Pride
 That would his best Affections hide;
 And oft, too oft, we think them shewn,
 When Affectation rants, alone.——

——But now we'll thank you to sup-
 pose
 The London journey at its close,
 And after many a jolt and toss,
 Our Travellers safe at Charing-Cross.

The Patron's visit duly paid ;
And John in Uniform arrayed :
Behold him ! with his *dirk* and *scraper*,²
And new *Coatee*, as stiff as paper ;
While he, as stiff, inside it stands,
Scarce moving either head or hands.—

But of his Rigging we'll say more,
When once we've got him to the Nore,
For there the Capricorn is lying,
Fore topsail loose !—Blue Peter
flying !—³

And if we do not bear a hand
To lose his trip, a chance he'll stand :
So down the Kentish road so hilly
They hasten in the Chatham Dilly,
(Conveyance meet for folks in haste,
When ten leagues used eight hours to
waste !)

In Chatham at *the Sun* they dine,
 Where then was bad, but now good wine;
 Yet still they've twenty miles and more
 To sail, ere they can reach the Nore:
 And the next stage their eyes to bless,
 Is that enchanting spot Sheerness,
 Where if Old Nick were bid remain,
 Some think he'd beg for H—ll again.—

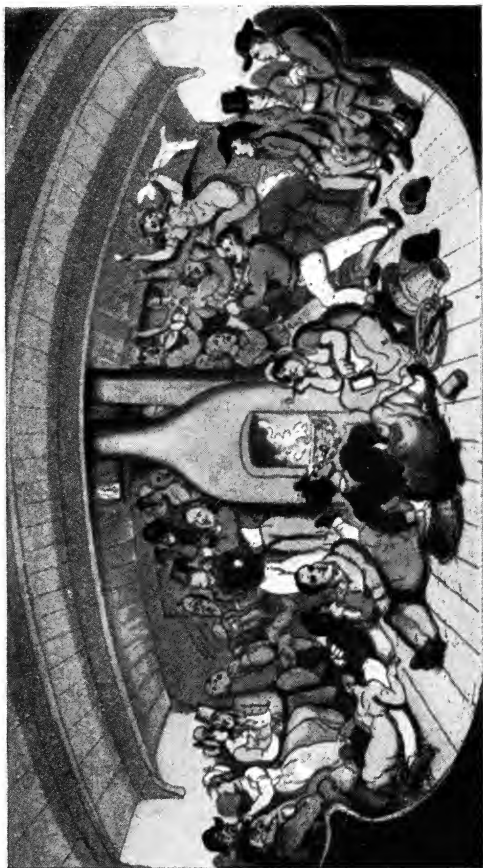
—At nine at night on this their said
 way

They both embark upon the Medway,
 And down the ebbing current float,
 Half stifled in the Passage Boat.
 The night was rainy, dark and calm;
 The Cabin, fetid, close, and warm;
 And such a group as there they saw
 Would puzzle Hogarth's self to draw!
 One dirty candle dripped above
 A miserable iron stove,

Beside whose embers no ways clear,
Sat two old Beldames mulling beer,
4 With black doodeens and itching skulls—
While drunken Sailors, Jews, and Trulls,
And Slopmen, Mud-larkers and Crimps,
The lowest class of Bawds and Pimps,
Nay every sort of Ragamuffin
It seemed had here contrived to stuff
in.

No pleasing sample, we confess,
Of thy sweet Children, fair Sheerness!
But still a just one—John, amazed,
In silence wonder'd, shudder'd, gazed.
And thought—the Deuce! *we* can't ex-
press it,

But a sly Frenchman, Monsieur Gresset,
Like most 'Mounseers' polite and pert,
Tells of a certain Bird, 'Ver-Vert,'
Who in a journey on a river,
Heard naughty sailors d—n their liver;



SHEERNESS BOAT

Now what John thought, and what the
Parrot,
Were like as carrot is to carrot,
Excepting that no inclination
Our Hero felt for imitation.

But while he marked the motley scene,
A stranger of far different mien,
Descending from the deck, requested
A seat near where our Travellers rested.
A man he seemed of middle age,
Address polite, and aspect sage,
His manners, mild and unassuming ;
His tone, tho' calm, and not presuming,
More used to carrying conviction
Appeared, than meeting contradiction ;
His eye conveyed a mingled sense
Of Sternness and Benevolence.
So deemed the Vicar, who we ween,
At reading character was keen ;

As quick, the other seem'd to guess
His new companion's business.—

The conversation which began
At first on general topics ran,
Until the stranger chanced to say
He'd only left the Nore that day,
And now was thither bound again ;
' Dear me ! ' the Parson cried, ' 'tis plain,
' You must know if the Capricorn
' Be still at anchor there, or gone !
' I ask, because my son 's to sail
' With her commander, Captain Dale.'—
—' Since that 's the errand on which you
 come,
' Pray, sir, are you not Dr. Newcome ? '—
—' The same !—then Capt. Dale you
 know ? '
The stranger smiled—' A little, or so.'—

—‘Then tell me, has he put to sea?’

—‘My good sir, I myself am he—

‘You seem surprised; I’ll tell you
more,

‘The Capricorn’s yet at the Nore;

‘I mean to sleep on shore to-night,

‘And go on board as soon’s ’tis light;

‘The next day, she will go to sea;

‘To-morrow, you must dine with me;

‘You may not quite dislike the trip,

‘Since you have never seen a ship!’—

Thought John, ‘if ships are all like *this*,

‘One would not cry the sight to miss.’—

The trio in a corner chatted,
While all their fellow-trav’lers squatted
Around the stove, and drove along
The hours in squabble, smoak, or song;
Here many a Fish-fag sat and stunk,
And Sailor rolled, and catted Punk——

—But, Muse, avast!—pray shift the
scene,

If thou would'st keep thy fingers clean!

Our classic John, 'midst all the fuss,
Full often sighed for *Zephyrus* ;
'Till Zephyrus, to sooth his care,
An eructation deigned to spare ;
And 'tis agreed that Flora's Dear ⁵
At least for three-fourths of the year
Directs his bellows *towards Sheernasty* ;
But when we're for returning hasty,
The 'revocare gradum' isn't
By half so easy tho', or pleasant—
Blush, Pluto! Blush as brimstone blue!
This *bluer* town can boast like you
A 'facilis descensus' too ;
Aye, blush! for tho' it be an evil,
'Tis Truth, and Truth can shame the
Devil.—

—The Dock-yard Clock had thunder'd
‘one’

Just as John found the voyage was done ;
Ere long they landed at the Town,
While rain by buckets-full came down,
And stumbling on, their way they plod,
Through half-paved lanes knee-deep with
mud ;

Which pleasing ambulation past,
They gain the welcome Inn at last,
And after divers calls and knocks
The waken'd ‘*Boots*’ the door unlocks :
The Captain had engaged a room,
But doubtful was the Newcomes’ doom,
Until a single bed was found,
And in they turned, and soon slept sound ;
Fatigued with travel—Bugs and Fleas
Fed on them both in perfect ease :
The Chamber was without a candle,
The Crockery without a handle.—

Reader! should we describe in full
How much of new and wonderful,
Fatigued our travellers' minds and eyes
With admiration and surprise,
When shewn round every deck, they
view'd
The floating Citadel of Wood,
We'd better, 'stead of a narration,
A treatise write on Navigation.

The Mids, as oft as John drew near
To stare about him, seemed to sneer,
For John as soon as e'er they saw,
They knew was but a 'Johnny Raw.'
His Father too, they were not slack
In quizzing, when he turn'd his back:
And fore and aft the deck was walking,
With Captain and Lieutenants talking.—
'Twig—Twig, his boots and shovel hat!'
This Mid would often whisper that—

'How beautifully tall each mast!
 'With *ladders* for ascending fast'—
 Her mast-head vanes too—'Glitter'd star-
 like,'
 And then her guns!—'How fierce and
 warlike!
 'It sure must fill, such glorious sight,
 'Each British bosom with delight!
 'Oh! I'm as glad as I can be
 'To think that I am going to sea!'

—The Captain who 'd gone off before,
 Now for them sent a boat on shore.—

'A nice good-natured man,' quoth
 John,
 'I like his way of going on!'—
 First to the Boat John's '*kit*' they
 sent,⁶
 Then followed it, and off they went.—

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And fore and aft the deck was walking,
With Captain and Lieutenants talking.—
'Twig—Twig, his boots and shovel hat!'
This Mid would often whisper that—

‘The Cutter brought him—’twas the
wrong boat.’

‘Why?’——‘Boots, you know, should
have the Long-boat.’

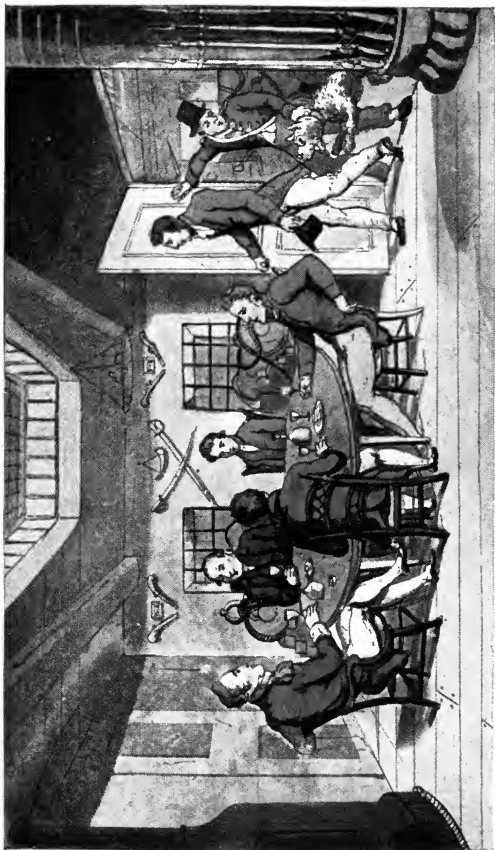
——At length the noisy fife and drum
Proclaimed the hour of dinner come,
And the good Captain did his best
In welcoming his reverend guest :
’ Two ‘Luffs’ were added to the party,
And all ‘turned too’ right keen and
hearty,
Save John, who midst the novel sight
Had fairly lost his appetite ;
‘Well,’ cried his Host, ‘my boy, don’t
mind it !
‘I’ll answer for it you’ll soon find it,
‘Sea air is a most famous thing
‘Lost stomachs back again to bring !’

Our Hero strove a laugh to force,
And the Lieutenants, laughed of course.—

The dinner o'er and table cleared,
The bottles and desert appeared ;
And still the glass performed its round,
Till *Calls*, and *Drums*, and *Musquet's*
 sound,
And '*down top gallant yards !*' announced
That Phœbus in the water flounced.

Noyau, and coffee, then was handed,
The Cutter manned, the Vicar landed.
But ere to John he bade adieu,
He said a private word or two ;
For Dale had left them both together,
Pretending to observe the weather.

When Johnny saw his father go,
He felt more than he wished to show :



Drawn and Etched by Rowlandson

THE ADMIRAL HAS MADE IT SUN-SET, SIR!

H. Read, Script

Regret, he was ashamed to own,
So gave a gulp, and gulped it down.—

—The first Lieutenant, Mr. SMART,
Ere long began to play his part;
And having sent for Johnny, said,
'Young gentleman! pray where's your
bed?'
—''Twas ta'en down stairs and put
away.'—
'Oh!—down below you mean to say?—
'Here! Quarter-master! find, and bring
it,
'And get a hammock out and sling
it,—
'But now, as it is growing late,
'I'll turn you to the Master's Mate.—
'Where's Mr. SHAUGHNESSY?'—'Here,
Sir!'
'You're (I believe) the Caterer!

‘ And since this gentleman ’s a stranger,
‘ You ’ll steer him clear of tricks and
 danger,
‘ No nonsense must be carried on ;
‘ No cutting down ! ’ — ‘ The deuce ! ’
 thought John,
‘ ’Bout cutting down, you need not fret,
‘ Thank Heav ’n ! I ’m not hung up, as yet ! ’

—The first Lieutenant went away ;
And Mr. Shaughnessy ’gan say—
‘ By Jasus ! Boy ! you ’re in my charge,
‘ A sort of prisoner at large,
‘ Wid æll your sorrows, all your care
‘ Before you—like a young small Bear ! ’
—With that, he caught him by the neck,
And gently led him off the deck.—

—We cannot well describe the mirth
John caused on entering the Birth—

There were a dozen men and boys,
 All full of mischief, glee, and noise.—
 MACALLISTER, the Doctor's Mate ;
 And SMITH, the Clerk, among them sate ;
 A chaos too, of grog and swipes,
 Cigars and biscuit, cheese and pipes,
 And knives and forks, and flutes and
 plates,
 And song-books, tea-cups, pork and slates,
 Lay scatter'd on the table wide :
 When lustily the Caterer cried,
 (For all articulated sound
 In one convivial roar was drowned)
 8 ' Hoy ! Reefers ! Reefers !—with your
 sport
 9 ' You seem to make a *Dover Court*,
 ' And—D—n it all !'—he made a
 grab,
 10 ' The mess cheese won't afford you
 crab !'

Our Hero soon from cabin-upper
Was summoned to the Captain's supper,
And ere from that he was released,
All racket in the birth had ceased,
And all was still as still could be ;
The first Lieutenant's Mercury,
(Hight *Master at Arms*) that friend to
quiet,¹¹
Had 'doused the glim,' and quell'd the
riot :

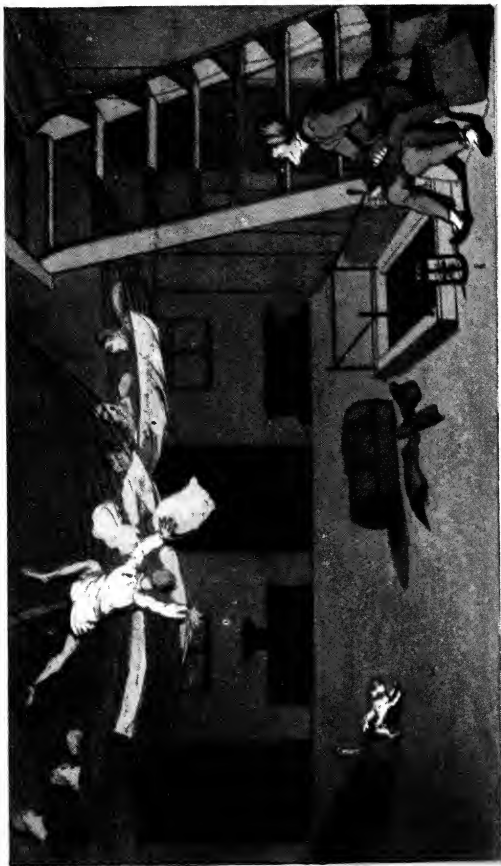
The low-born Mid, the Heir to Peerage,
Alike were swinging in the steerage,¹²
That they all slept, we do not say,
Perhaps in 'Foxes sleep' they lay,
But Johnny, as we might have said,
Here found prepared, his pendant bed :
The Sentry's lanthorn glimmering, flung
A ray which shewed him where it hung ;
And by that dim ray he undressed,
And piled his cloaths upon his chest ;

And since he had at home been taught
To *pray* whene'er his couch he sought,
He (like a greenhorn, if you please)
Went fairly down upon his knees——
The Sentry rubbed his eyes, and stared,
And wondered so, he was half scared ;
The Mids, who watched him like a cat,
Could not conceive what he was at ;
Thus to kneel down, beneath their gazes !
They thought he must be mad as
 blazes !
And softly from their hammocks steal-
 ing,
Formed in a ring as he was kneeling ;
So mute, he never heard them tread,
Nor saw them, till he raised his head.
And then, such unexpected sight,
(But half-revealed by doubtful light,
Which shewed but little more than faces,
And those disguised by strange grimaces,

For they began, to mend the matter,
13 Like Prospero's apes to 'moe and
chatter')

Confounded, and amazed him quite ;
He almost thought them each a Sprite.
Still more so, when as much at ease
As monkeys jumping into trees,
Dispersed at once the mimic train,
And vaulted into bed again.—

—The hammocks seemed so snugly
swinging,
John following, tried like them to spring
in,
When 'gainst a beam rap went his head,
And 'stead of lighting in his bed,
With knees and elbows sprawling wide,
He flew clean over t'other side ;
And out he rolled, midst peals of laughter,
With bed and bed-cloaths rolling after :



T U R N I N G I N --- A N D O U T A G A I N

And added to his caput's thump,
He got a crack upon the rump—
And wisely thinking 'twas in vain
To make a somerset again,
To guard against a second wreck,
He spread his mattress on the deck,
Where, since he could no lower fall,
He deemed he ran no risque at all.
But, oh ! what troubles come to pass,
Which mortals ne'er expect—alas !
For while on bed as hard as board,
Our worn-out hero lay and snored,
He dreamed that in the coach again
He travelled fast o'er hill and plain,
Until the carriage gave a jolt,
And pitched him on his noddle, bolt !
But how much more, then, did he rue,
When he awoke, and found it true !
Some Midshipmen, with foul design,
Had got a fish-hook and a line,

Which fixing to his mattress' rim,
They lugged it clean from under him ;
Tho' first, as he was onward launching,
His nose disputed with a stanchion.¹⁴
This prank indeed, tho' somewhat tragic,
To John appeared as caused by Magic,
' Sure never since La Mancha's Knight !'
He cried, ' was such a luckless wight !
' This ship rolls strangely—I declare
' It is enough to make one swear ;
' She's broke my slumber and my head,
' I've lost my patience and my bed,
' And then, she can't straight forward keep,
' She's turned round with me in my sleep !
' For when first down in bed I lay,
' My feet, I'm sure, were t'other way—
' Here ! Sentry ! lend your light awhile !'—
—The Sentry could not hide a smile,
And John perceived, in half a glance,
It was not all th' effect of chance.

While yet he mused in 'doleful dumps,'
¹⁵ He heard a tittering 'mong the Pumps,
 And there he saw his mattress lying;
 And two Mids from behind them spy-
 ing;
 When thus detected, out they came,
 And laughing, strove to shift the blame;
 But John, whose choler now rose high,
 Bestowed on one a 'dig i' th' eye,'
 And to the other tried to lend
 A favour on his latter end;
 But This, the argument to shun,
 No parley staid, but cut and run;
 The first, who fancied John a chicken,
 Stood out, and promised him a licking;
 But what he did intend to give,
 That, was he fated to receive;
 And off! — midst comrades' jeers he
 hasted,
 Foiled, shamed, and by a Gulpin basted.

While Johnny hoped to be exempt
From tricks, and meet with less con-
tempt—

And slept that night, for none beset him,
As well as all his thumps would let him.—

The morn had scarce begun to lave
Her rosy nose i' th' eastern wave,
And scarce the *Zeeland* fired her gun,
When such a row did Johnny stun!
He sat up in his bed and wonder'd,
And heard, '*All hands unmoor ship!*'
thunder'd,
Then Shaughnessy's loud brogue he knew,
'Hoy! shew a leg, and save a clue!—
'Rouse! rouse!—heave out!—Tim! Pat!
and Larry!
'Come! out or down here! lash and carry!'

John guessed his meaning—quickly rose,

But! where the deuce were all his
cloaths?—

‘ I placed them on my box, I ’ll swear!—

‘ When I undressed myself—just there!—

‘ But now they ’re gone ’tis very clear!’——

——‘ But haven’t you some more in here?’

——‘ Oh, yes! but then I can’t unlock it,

‘ My keys were in my waistcoat
pocket.’——

——Wrapped in a blanket, ’mid the rout,

John ran inquiring all about;

Some, seemed concerned, while others,
laughed,

Till the Cook’s Mate came grinning aft,

And stated that some thief or sloven,

Had left a suit of cloaths i’ th’ oven;

And since the property he ’d guarded,

He hoped to be with grog rewarded.——

——John dressed in haste, and on deck went

To find out what the bustle meant;

And saw Marines and Sailors hurl
 The Capstan in continued whirl,
 The Youngsters to the Swifter clinging,
 And o'er the carronade-slides springing—
 —Of one, he asked—‘ I fain would know
 ‘ What means that word—**surjo ! surjo !*¹⁶
 ‘ I hear repeated oft, below ? ’

He gained for answer—‘ Bl—st my
 eyes !

‘ Why, ’tis the Messenger to rise ! ’——
 ——Said he, ‘ then, it appears to me,
 ‘ Your sailors wrongly sound the G :
 ‘ It means to rise, you say ? and ergo
 ‘ I think ’tis from the Latin—*Surgo.*’
 ——‘ Oh, as for Latin, ’tis all one
 ‘ As double Dutch coiled ’gainst the sun !
 ‘ Because, d’ ye see, I never learned.’
 Quoth John again, ‘ I ’m much concerned
 ‘ For this said Messenger ; their bawling

* *i.e.* Surge ho !

‘ Shews that he takes a deal of calling,
 ‘ And since he won’t rise as required,
 ‘ I guess, poor fellow, that he’s tired!’—
 —‘ What fellow tired?—Why, d—n my
 blood!

‘ Your Man’s a Rope! as clear as mud!’—
 —‘ A rope!—I’m sure I heard them
 call

‘ Him, just now, by the name of Paul!’
 —‘ Come here—look down into the
 waist

‘ At that there hawser closely braced
 ‘ By nippers to the Cable’s side!’—
 —‘ Aye, now I see it,’—John replied.—
 ‘ You *see* it?’—‘ Yes.’—‘ Well, that implies,
 ‘ You’ve got no butter in your eyes.’

—The ship was shortly under sail,
 And bore round up before the gale,
 Which freshen’d as she rolled along
 From light to stiff, from stiff to strong;

And Johnny, as she ploughed the deep,
Felt all his Inside twist and creep,
(Yes, twist—a sea-sick fellow feels
As if he 'd swallowed fifty eels)—
His head swam round, his footing failed
him,
He wonder'd what the Devil ailed him,
An Aguish chill his frame pervaded,
And o'er the gangway he cascaded :
' Ah!—Oh !'—quoth he,——' my fit grows
stronger,
' So I 'll remain up stairs no longer.'——

——Reader ! in this sad situation
D'ye think he found commiseration ?
You 'll see then—He could scarcely go,
He reeled so, to the Birth below——
The Reefers roared out, ' Doctor ! here !
' Here 's Newcome looks uncommon
queer !'

‘Hoot, Hoot Mon! frae the deck ye’ve
skelpit

‘An look,—as if ye could na help it;

‘This sickness is a vary rum thing!’—

—‘Perhaps, Sir, you can give me some-
thing?’

——‘Troth, Lad, I can; for there’s nae
Physic

‘Can suit sae weel a man wha’s sea-sick,

‘As just a wee drap o’ saut water;

‘And if a piece o’ fat pork, after,

‘Tied in a string, ye tak and swallow,

‘Ye’ll find that meikle change will
follow.’—

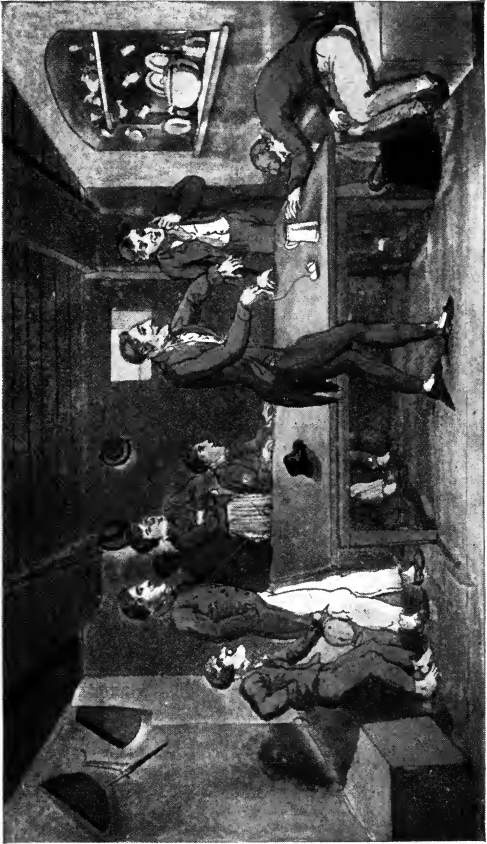
John’s Messmates brought a boatswain’s
bucket,

And just beneath his nose they stuck it,

(Not that the savour which arose

From thence, did much delight his nose :)

The raw fat salt pork next they got,
Then some sea-water in a pot,
And promised him 'twould ease his smart
Amazingly, to drink a Quart ;
He strove to follow their advice,
Yet thought the potion no ways nice ;
The Pork next, in a rope-yarn slung,
Quite desperate, down his throat he flung ;
But there it did not long remain,
Ere faster it came up again.—
——Decorum says, we must not tell
Minutely, all that next befell,
For Johnny's exquisite distress
Afforded fun for all the Mess.
Worn out, and on the lockers lying,
At length he fancied he was dying ;
Which we confess was not surprising,
When e'en his very heart seemed rising.
Each lurch the staggering Frigate gave
He thought must bring him to his grave :



H. Read, Script

SEA - SICK

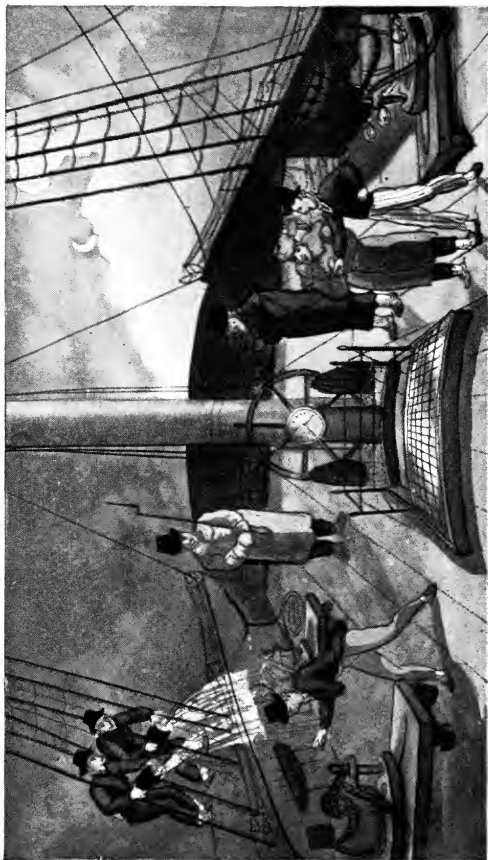
Roubandon, Delt

‘ Oh, Heaven ! ’ he cried, with pallid lip,
 ‘ Will no one make them stop the Ship ?
 ‘ It jumps and tumbles so about,
 ‘ It’s almost turn’d me inside out ! ’—

The Captain’s Clerk, the scene to fill,
 Proposed to him to make his *Will* ;
 Quoth he, ‘ Alas ! I’ve nought to leave,
 ‘ And yet—my friends at home will grieve ! ’
 — ‘ But,’ gravely then the Clerk rejoined,
 ‘ Will you no message leave behind ?
 ‘ No letter, eh ? no lock of hair,
 ‘ Which they may in a locket wear ? ’
 Cried John, ‘ I really cannot write,
 ‘ If you will for me, I’ll endite.’—

—Smith took out paper, ink and pen,
 And John began—to cat again,
 And Smith to laugh to see him sick,
 And John (too late) to smell the trick,

And think he'd been a fool at best
To be the subject of their jest ;
But soon as e'er the gale was over,
He 'gan his spirits to recover,
And fancy he was now too cunning
To be again deceived by funning ;
He little knew at what expense
He was to buy experience !
They quizzed him left, they quizzed him
right,
They sent him up that very night
As soon as ever it was dark
To hear the little Dog-fish bark ;
And while he listen'd for the strains,
A youngster yelped i' th' mizen chains :
John held his breath to catch the sound,
And found himself at once half drowned,
For brine enough to salt a pig in
Came sluice upon him from the rigging ;
And he was told th' unsavoury dew



Rowlandson, Del.

SENT TO HEAR THE DOG-FISH BARK

H. Read, Sculp.

Was only what the Grampus blew.
Next morning too he went to leeward,
He hunted out the Purser's Steward,
To whom they sent him with the hope
Of drawing Muslin, Cards and Soap.

They tried to send him (some o' the
sharp ones)

For gooseberries to the Cat-harpings,
But failed—tho' after, to their joy,
He boarded the Loblolly-boy
For *rolls*, who told him he might take
A *poultice*, if he pleased, to bake.

They played these hoaxes so demurely,
And kept their faces so securely,
So seldom any wink or smile
Betrayed the falsehood or the wile,
That e'en an older keener stranger
Than our poor John had been in danger.

'Mongst other humbugs too, he paid
 For the first sight of Beachy Head,
 And through a sort of foggy gloom,
 Was bid observe 'how it did loom.'——

——With all sail set, the Frigate steered,
 And Selsea and Dunnose appeared,
¹⁷ And soon the *Billy* hove in sight ;
 She took in every flying kite,
 Clewed up the Topsails, brailed the
 Spanker,
 And at Spithead, let go the anchor.

The barge was manned, and straight on
 shore
 The Captain to the Admiral bore :
 Meantime, full many a Galley-packet ¹⁸
 Was buzzed about 'mid work and racket.
 —' Where are we bound, Jack ?' — ' I can't
 say,
 ' Unless to Indy, or the Bay.' ——

—‘ We’re going to the Cape, I know,
 ‘ The Bumboat-woman told me so.’——
 ——‘ That’s all my eye—it cannot be,
 ‘ The Captain’s Coxswain says, says he
 ‘ As we’re going out to Newfoundland.’——
 ——‘ Avast there, Bill, that there won’t
 stand

‘ To reason, for the Skipper’s got
 ‘ (The Steward says so) a new Lot,
 ‘ Of Jaen and Duck, and that like gear
 ‘ That’s only fit for summer wear ;
 ‘ On pay-day too he’d some such plans,
 ‘ Or he’d not made us buy Banyans,¹⁹
 ‘ And’—Lo, the Boatswain came to rally
 Up their Head-quarters in the Galley !
 And soon as e’er his voice they knew,
 Down went their pipes, and out they
 flew ;

Dev’l take the hindmost ! for he chased
 Them, with a rope’s end, through the waist ;

‘What!—is there nought on deck to do?’

‘Ye skulking, d—d psalm-singing crew!’²⁰

—Just as good order was restored,
The Captain’s boat returned on board ;
By his command was fired a gun,
And up the Convoy signal run.
The wind from east was blowing steady,
The Trade for LISBON waiting ready.—
The Officers all round him stood,
That he might tell them—(if he would)
The news, and whither they were going—
He briefly said—‘A fair wind’s blowing!—
‘We see those gentry *off the Bar*,
‘And then, our errand is not far.’
He turned, and said again to some,
‘A Gun—and sheet the topsails home!’
(The sailing signal to the Trade,)
The Capricorn and Convoy weighed ;

And ere the afternoon was spent,
 All gaily through the Needles went ;
 And ere a leash of Noons appeared
 The English Channel they had clear'd.—

—You, who've come thus far, won't
 refuse,

We hope, to follow through the Cruise !
 We'll cut this Canto all the shorter,
 To bring our Hero on *Blue Water*!—

But hark ! a word before you go ;
 You should the Frigate's 'Orders' know !
 These were, as we've already said,
 ' Off Lisbon Bar, to see the Trade,
 ' And then to cruise for three months more
 ' Beyond the westernmost Azore.'—



THE ADVENTURES OF
JOHNNY NEWCOME

CANTO II



THE ADVENTURES OF
JOHNNY NEWCOME

ETC.

CANTO II

WE fancy in the Morn of Life
New hours are with new pleasures rife ;
Tho' in the present, nought we find,
We think the prize is yet behind ;
And still deluded, still we grope
Our darkling way, the slaves of Hope !—
—Still winds our pilgrim path below
Through chequered scenes of Hope and
Woe !
Diseases, dangers, cares assail
Our tenure of existence frail :

Nor Honour's pride, nor Beauty's bloom
Can shun th' inevitable tomb!

(The Tomb we mean where Low or High
The carcasses of Landsmen lie,
For Sailors', Soldiers', oftener go
To feast the Shark or glut the Crow.)

'Tis in the Vale of Life we feel
The truth Hope labours to conceal ;
We earlier may indeed believe
The Tale, but still ourselves deceive,
Till Death's stern 'larum bids us ope
Our eyelids from the dream of Hope ;
Then, only then, we feel, we know,
That all is Vanity below—

Oh! sterner still that strife must be
If in the conflict Hope should flee!
Nor with her flag of light illumine
Another world beyond the Tomb!—
Thus Hope, we find, from first to end
Man's only constant earthly friend.—

Now tho' our Hero thought himself
A mighty miserable elf,
He at the same time thought it very
Odd that his Messmates were so merry ;
And Hope, as usual, took the hint
To whisper, there was something in 't,
That he himself too, by-and-by,
Might laugh and know the reason why,
Tho' just now he had ample reason
For thinking laughter out of season.
Poor John ! tho' by no means a Put,
A long time was the common Butt,
And dull, or lively, every joke
On his unlucky head was broke.—

'Tis strange such difference should be
Between the Jester and Jestee !
The greatest ass the earth rolls under
Will grin to see his betters blunder ;

As if he thought His exaltation
Depended on Their degradation ;
Or rather that his wits and their's
Were just like buckets slung in pairs,
When in a Well the one must sink
To bring the other to the brink.

—My Muse !—you'd better look before
ye,

And not digress thus from your story.—

—Well—John had got a whacking *Kit*,
Shirts, Jackets, Hose, and Shoes, to
wit—

And to each one who seemed his friend
Clean linen he would freely lend ;
For he ne'er reckoned for to-morrow,
But lent as oft as they would borrow,—
He little thought to have to rub
His Duds himself i' th' washing tub,
Nor yet had worn, to hide the dirt,
A Stocking reef'd, or pipe-clay'd Shirt,

Nor exercised his bleaching skill
 By putting Lime-juice on the Frill ;
 Still less he dreamt he e'en might lack
 A *dirty* shirt to clothe his back,
 Or doubted that they would return
 The borrowed articles when worn ;
 But 'stead of thanks he met with
 laughter,
 And seldom saw his own things after :
 E'en thus it haps that he who oft
 Will lend, at Sea, is reckon'd *soft* ;
 For Sailors this their maxim call,
 '*Each for himself, and G—d for all*' :
 But John was not aware of this,
 Till he began his stock to miss ;
 For, ere three Sunday Musters passed,
 Why, he put on, clean shirt the last :
 And then he did, as others did,
 Washed his one shirt i' th' pea-soup
 kid,—²¹

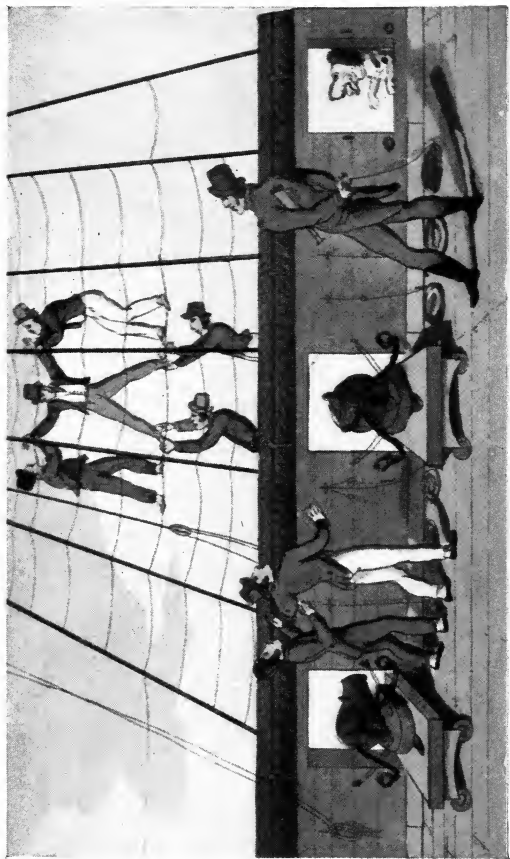
——But—we've been rather in a hurry !
So now must stop, our brains to worry
To find a decent rhyme to match
The phrase of, ' putting in a watch ' ;
We mean, we should have let you know
That John was ' *Watched*, ' and long ago
Familiarized to all the rout
Of turning in and rousing out :
The Holy-Stones and washing Decks²²
Had ceased his morning Naps to vex—
For the whole first week none could
tell
That e'er he kept them till ' one bell. '—
New brooms, 'tis said, sweep very clean ;
And so, we fear, of John 'twas seen,
For in the next week he would take
Twice calling, to be once awake ;
²³ They turned the turtle, cut him down,
They grampus'd him from croup to
crown,

For when he took a snooze on deck
 They poured salt water down his neck ;
²⁴ Nay once, when *caulking*, for a freak
 They triced him half way to the Peak,
 With signal-halliards round his heels,
 And when their giggling and his squeals
 Awaked the Captain with the rum-
 puss,'

They started off, and he came lumpuss !
 But luckily we can assert
 That he was not a great deal hurt.—
 Sometimes—when he was turning in,
 He'd find, to finish his chagrin,
 That they had started both his Cleats—²⁵
 Slip-hitch'd his Laniard — Reef'd his
 Sheets—

Or all the Knittles on one side
 Had of his Hammock been untied—
 And seldom could he ever fix
 Upon the Author of the tricks.—

Sometimes, while walking in the night,——
His eyes would close, as if to spite
His shins, and let their master run
Against the carriage of a Gun :
At times too, when the ship would reel,
He'd on a nail-head clap his heel,
Thus lose his equilibrium,
And slap upon his stern-frame come ;
Half stunned, he'd for an instant sit
Amidst a shower of naval wit,
Then rising in a cursed pet,
Be told—' he'd not his sea-legs yet.'——
—— He next was in the *rigging seized*²⁶
Until the Topmen were appeased
By's giving them, for grog, a pledge,
(Their long-established privilege :)
It seems, he ventured up the Shrouds
And stared about like one i' th' clouds ;
He saw the sailors cat-like pop
Their noses o'er the rim o' th' Top,



W. Read, Sculpt.

SEIZED UP IN THE RIGGING



And partly guessed, why they might
watch him,

But never guessed that they could catch
him :

Oh ! John—do not thy flight delay !

For all thou 'rt lower down than they,

Those nimble vagabonds, od rot 'em !

Will have ye ere ye reach the bottom !—

John eyed them stealing down the
futtocks,

As simply as a chick eyes Puttocks,

(An older fowl would run away,

A Chicken thinks no harm to stay)

But when he saw the futtocks past,

And thought 'twas time to turn at last,

They shook the rigging so above,

He could but cling, he dared not move,

And there they stopped him, out as fine

As the Spread Eagle on a sign.—

—The wisest Churchmen have confessed,

That never doth the Devil rest ;
We therefore think it was the Devil
Who strove John's dignity to level,
And all his pride and hopes to master,
Disaster heaping on disaster ;
It was the Devil who inveigled him
Up aloft, when they spread-eagle'd him ;
And 'twas most likely that old Sinner
Who set him to prepare a Dinner.

There was a *Pudding* to be made,
And, tho' a novice at the trade,
It was John's turn, and he must brook
That day to be his Messmates' Cook.
Behold his sleeves, tucked up, to do it !
See him ! mix flour and chop the suet,—
And all the time he picks the plums
A tune he whistles, or he hums !—²⁷

(The naval method, you must know,
Of muzzling th' Ox which treads the mow).

While John was busy picking clean
These raisins in a tin tureen,

On locker stood, behind his back,

Fresh water in a big Black-Jack ;

(A thing, which often scarce, at Sea,

Is always held a luxury :)

A Reefer from another Mess

Who just then was in great distress

To spruce himself to dine with th' Captain,

His thievish fingers slyly clapt in

Unseen by Johnny neat and snug,

And bore away the Water Jug,

Which he replaced in half a minute

With, 'stead of Fresh, Salt Water in it :

Meantime the unsuspecting John

With his new task went calmly on,

And poured the Brine, in evil hour,

To the last drop, among the Flour ;

Then having stirred it well and bagged it,
The Mess-boy to the Coppers dragged it.—
Till twelve o'clock all went on well,
But when the Sentry struck the Bell,
Down rushed the noisy, hungry troop,
And hanging quick their Quadrants up,
All waited anxious for their prog,
Save the poor Mate who mixed the Grog,
And wishful eyed the passing grub,
While forced to stand beside the Tub.—
'The Duff!' they roar'd with one acclaim,
With 'Scaldings! Scaldings!' down it
came.

Loud clatter'd every knife and fork!
'Twas hard, we own, such hopes to balk.
For suddenly from every tongue
Oaths, execrations thundering rung,
And Each, *sans ceremonie*, straight
Spit out his morsel on his plate;



W. Rod Sculpt

COBBED—WATCH! WATCH!

Roarlandson Delit

‘By Heavens!’ cried one, ‘’tis Newcome’s
fault;

‘He’s filled the Pudding full of salt!

‘In these hard times ’tis bad as robbing,

‘I vote the Hawbuck gets a cobbing!’

——‘Agreed!’ roar’d all with one accord,

And seized on Johnny at the word;

In vain he strove, in vain he pleaded,

His eloquence was nothing heeded;

They cleared the table in a jiffy,

And tho’ John struggled pretty stiff, he

Yielded (whether or no Tom Collins)²⁸

To their united hoists and haulings,

And once again, like eagle spread,

Across the table he was laid.——

‘Come, bear a fist, you Mess-boy,
Sirrah!

‘²⁹ And hand us aft the Burgoo-stirrer!’

——‘ I can’t find that, but, if you please,
Sir,

‘ I’ll get you the Dog’s-body Squeezer.’——

——‘ Oh, you be d—d, bring what I ask,
Sir!

‘ Or else the bung-stave of a cask, Sir!’

——‘ Poh!’ cries another, ‘ that won’t do,—

‘ Here, take the sole of my old shoe!’

This proffer being too refused,

Another instrument was used.——

Our Hero bawl’d, as well he might,
For, while One drew his trowsers tight,
An Oldster with a Gunter’s scale
Bestow’d his blows as fast as hail,
Which same sound sheeting home, did last
Till they thought fit to cry ‘ Avast!’

This said, away they let him sneak,
And taunt him in their motley Greek,

For as poor Johnny snivelling stands,
 And rubs his rump with both his hands,
 The exclamation of the group is,
 'Why—*θη μωρ Τχρι δηλες Τπισ.*'
 He vowed revenge. Alas! his threat
 But sent them jeering louder yet:
 They dined on Junk and Cheese, but he
 Went empty carcased till Tea,
 We almost might have said, till night,
 He ate so little, out of spite:
 However, ere the morning rose
 He had forgiven them their blows,
 His anger's flame had turned to all ice,
 'Twas not his nature to bear malice;
 But tho' he had forgiven, yet
 He could not quite so soon forget,
 Nor feel for those a friend's regard,
 Who'd used him as he thought so hard:
 It happen'd so, that a Marine
 Had all the Water-Robbery seen,

And when he heard what had been done,
At once he exculpated John ;—
Who, strange to tell, was intercessor
In favour of the true aggressor :
His Messmates could not guess what rule
John acted by, and tho' a fool
They therefore thought him, owned, in
short,
' They'd wronged him, and were sorry
for't,
' But as for him who stole the Jack !
' By Jove ! they'd thrash him like a sack !'
They kept their oath, for when they caught
³⁰ Him, pretty tightly goose he bought.—
——How hard's, alas ! that Author's fate,
Whose star compels him to *narrate* ;
Description is the Muse's forte,
She of most other marks falls short ;
And sweeps but sleepily the string
When doomed a *History* to sing ;

But Homer's self we've heard will doze,
 So we may sometimes, we suppose.
 This is not all—our verse will seem
 As rugged haply as our theme ;
 Nay even worse, at times, we fear
 Stark nonsense to the Landsman's ear,
 Who'll neither comprehend nor like
 The sketch which may the Seaman strike.
 And then a vapid explanation
 Would cumber sadly our narration,—
 Of *Notes* we own ourselves afraid,
 By Critics hight ' Book-swelling trade.'—

What can we do to please both parties?
 You, Cynic Scots? and you, 'my hearties?'

We'd best, we think at th' end o' th'
 Book,
 Contrive a snug glossarial nook;

For uninstructed folk to spier at,
 And Sailors (if they like) to sneer at :
 The Book, we'll stipulate before-
 Hand, shall not cost you sixpence more.—

—The Frigate now the Bay had
 crossed :

And tho' by adverse gales long tost,
 The Captain true as any Magus,
 Foretold she'd soon be in the Tagus ;
 The wind too, as if time to fetch up,
³¹ Turned Soldier's, and led through the
 Ketchups :

To Belem first a boat they sent,
 And then straight up the river went.
 —Our John's mouth water'd when he eyed
 The Bum-boats thronging alongside,
 With Grapes, Pomegranates, Figs, Rice-
 cates,
 Pears, Almonds, Olives, Melons, Dates,

And Locusts too, (but no wild honey)
 All which they brought, for bread or
 money;
 For while the ship they all surrounded,
 'Changey for Changey!'—loud resounded,
 ——'Nix John, shove off!'——the Sentry
 cried;
 —'Si, Si, Senhor!'—but then they lied,
 For back again as fast they rowed,
 And tawdry wares and workbags shewed,
 To lure the curious Tars to barter,
 Who crowded o'er the chains and quarter.

—The City looked so gay and bright
 John languished for a nearer sight;
 At length himself and two Mids more
 Got three hours leave to go on shore;
 He landed at the Packet stairs,
 And wandered first 'bout Buenos Ayres,

Thence toward the City took his way,
Through the vile precincts of Bull Bay ;
He saw the Beggars in a row
Their bared distortions shameless shew ;
He saw in every street a heap
Of filth which almost seemed to creep,
He saw i' th' markets in his way
The Friars mendicant at prey,
With bushy beards and large Alms-basket
For forage, and they boldly ask it
Of all good Catholics, but so 'tis
Of Heretics they take no notice ;
Greens and Goat-Mutton here John
 saw,
Sardinias, Chesnuts, cooked and raw,
Beef, more like flesh of Horse than Ox,
Ducks, Chickens, Geese, and Turkey-
 Cocks,
(But *here*—we must not tell you why,
Few Englishmen dead Turkeys buy:)

But John did shudder too and stare
 When shewn the Inquisition square ;
 ‘ And here ’s,’ he to himself did say,
 ‘ Another place for Priests to prey.’—

—I’ th’ better streets he saw displayed
 Gold Chainlets, Amethysts, Brocade,
 Gems, Rings beset with Almandine,
 And Braga Shawls of texture fine ;
 Each purchase seemed excelling t’other,
 John long’d to make one for his Mother,
 But found he had not got enough
 O’ th’ needful for such costly stuff.—

—John mused—‘ ’Mong all the Female
 race

‘ I have not met one pretty face,
 ‘ Some, there are sure ! but those I ’ve past
 ‘ Had all a sort of Jewish cast,

‘ And if in thought I did not wrong them,
‘ The deuce a Lady was among them ;
‘ Perhaps, tho’, all the better kind
‘ Are in the Convents close confined ;—
‘ But can the squalid hole I ’ve seen
‘ Be Lusitania’s far-famed Queen !
‘ Where Poverty and gawdy Pride
‘ Inertly wallow side by side !—
‘ How ! what are these?———to judge by
 dress,
‘ They should be some of the Noblesse !’
For as the Evening made approaches,
Came forth the Mule-drawn two-wheeled
 Coaches,
And swarthy Dames in robes bedizen’d,
Exhaling breath with garlic poisoned,
Were sitting in them squab and square,
To purify themselves by air.—
—— John turn’d—indeed ’twas time to
 tack,
And hasten to his vessel back :

He got on board ere fall of night,
And sailed for Sea at dawn of Light.
—He soon was fairly out at Sea ;
No convoy now for company !
And nought to greet his morning's eye
Or Evening's, save the Sea and Sky—
He felt like Fortune's foot-ball, hurl'd
To exile from the social world,
His Friends might flourish, sicken, die,
He'd mark no smile, He'd hear no sigh ;
An earthquake too, or revolution,
Might happen, yet no diminution
Of his tranquillity would tell
The fate of those he loved so well.—
—Loud Boreas opened wide his mouth,
And puffed the Frigate toward the south,
Puff after puff grew more severe,
And still it thicken'd in the clear,
But while it for their course was fair,
One straw our Hero did not care,

Tho' he was of another mind
When once they came to haul their
wind.

³²'Twas his dog-watch from six to eight,
Relieved from deck, he turned in straight,
But such a screeching still did keep
The Beams and Guns, he could not sleep,
He yawned and turned times without
number,

In feverish, restless, painful slumber ;
The tween-decks too was stifling hot,
And John a midship birth had got ;
Just o'er his head there was a leak
Which often dripped upon his cheek ;
Then water down the hatchways gushing,
And chests adrift athwart-ships rushing,
And clanking Pumps, and tones like
thunder,

Exclaiming—'Bouse!' or, 'Stand from
under!'

Made up a concert so composing,
 'Twas odd that John was shy of dozing ;
 In short, to shorten much our tale,
 We 'll say at once, it blew a gale.—

At four o'clock, with great coat dripping,
 The Quarter-Master came down tripping,
 And by the head-clues holding on
 To stay himself, awakened John.—

Quoth John——‘ Pray tell me, how's the
 weather ? ’

——‘ It blows, rains, thunders, all together ;
 ‘ You 'd best heave out, Sir,—I expect
 ‘ The hands will soon be called on deck ;
 ‘ The Captain's there now—and the
 Master ;

‘ The squalls come faster on, and faster ! ’
 Quoth John—‘ tho' all night long this rout
 ‘ Has kept me waking—here's turn out ! ’—

When down on deck his feet he set,
Slap o'er his ankles came the wet ;
For all the steerage was on float ;
' Confound it all, where's my great coat ?'
John soon discover'd, to his cost,
That his warm Flushing Coat was lost ;
So, at the hazard of his neck,
He crawled up to the Quarter-deck,
There, by the life-lines held on fast,
And stared astonished and aghast ;
The foaming seas, the roaring wind,
The hail and lightning, all combined :
The ship that sometimes seemed to rise
As if she'd pierce the sable skies,
Now down the black abyss to glide,
Now hang suspended on its side,
Amazed him !—Every lurch she gave
The gangways rolled beneath the wave,
And large blue seas each other chased,
Cascading over down the waist.—

At every pitch he held his breath
As if he saw the face of death ;—
Amidst the roar there came a crash,—
'She's pitched away a Top-mast, smash !'
All hands to clear away the wreck,
Were in an instant turned on deck ;
From hammock starting out alert,
Up flew each seaman in his shirt !
John said it really did him good
To see their reckless hardihood ;
—And up the straining shrouds they
 swarm,
Growling and swearing at the storm——
The wreck secured, or cut away,
She snug beneath a treysail lay.——

——At eight, in spite of John's alarm,
Breakfast he thought would do no harm,
But sorry was he, and surprised,
To find the Tea-kettle capsized,

The water pouring all about,
Had put the swinging stove quite out :
'Tis useless fretting,' John did cry—
'³³ We've got for Dinner a Sea-pie.'——
At twelve o'clock, he hoped at last
To make a delicate repast.

The Peasebags, Ridgelines, on the
Table,
To save the Dishes scarce were able,
So Johnny, like his messmates, sate
With one hand holding fast his plate,
³⁴ Himself beneath the Scuttle seating,
That he might see what he was eating ;
And faith he thought himself quite subtle,
To get a birth so near the scuttle.——

Down came the saucepan—John, we
ween,
As any Tiger-cat was keen ;

But, oh! his term of joy was soon up,
For scarcely had he ta'en his spoon up,
When, lo! a sea with vengeful stroke
The scuttle glass to shivers broke!
One second filled the cabin brimming,
And set, like frogs, the Reefers swimming.
They soon escaped, but John was bother'd
So to get out, he was half smother'd,—
The Flushing coat he'd missed that morn,
Now re-appeared on torrent borne,
From some dark nook it floated out,
All sopped, just like a large dish-clout,
And in the lieu of some old rug
Or swab, 'twas used for scuttle plug;
In which capacity 'twas fated
To serve until it moderated.—

Drenched, hungry, tired, John wished
for close
Of day, that he might get repose;

But when he did his hammock seek,
'Twas wringing wet through, from the
leak.—

—Nor ceased his fag, when daylight
ceased,

The fury of the gale increased,
Until at length, as aft she *sent*,
The collar of the Forestay went ;
To save the Masts while yet they stood,
Dale chose immediately to scud :
By much dexterity and care
They safely brought the ship to wear ;
Away! she shot before the wind,
Fast followed by the surge behind.—

—All cold on deck—all wet below—
Our hero knew not where to go!
And in no enviable plight
You may believe he passed the night.—

Ten days the Gale knew no abatement,
 At least he said so in the statement
 He wrote home of it to his Father,
 In which indeed he owned he'd rather
 As far as comfort went, reside
 In Gaol, than on the restless tide ;
 But 'twas an honourable trade,
 And that made up for all, he said.—
 —Except a crossing Northern swell,
 The weather now was pretty well ;
 And what with bearing up, and chasing,
 (For Dale both night and day was racing
 At every strange sail which he saw,)
 The ship did near the Tropic draw ;
 And 'twas a common table topic,
 ' What fun they'd have upon the Tropic !'

—Reader ! there is, you should be told,
 A certain Rite framed long of old,

Which Fellow Craftsmen of the Deep
Do yet with all its mysteries keep—
And Novices to endure-have-occasion,
A sort of Pagan purification,
And a strange catechism to answer
When first they cross the Line of Cancer.—

When ships are bound across all three,
Th' Equator then the scene must be ;
But if they pass o'er only one,
Then e'en on that it must be done,
And there, once passing through the test,
Like Turnpike ticket, clears the rest,
As many Writers hold—but We,
Who long have taken each degree,
Are sceptical ; so shall define
Our thoughts as they regard the LINE.—

Altho' we grant it may be true
The Equator clears the other Two ;

'Tis plain, Sir, as a nutmeg-grater,
 That t'other Two can't clear th' Equator,
 Which never must be overstept
 By any but the true adept.—

Tho' Cancer may—we don't demur, Sir,
 Clear Capricorn, et vice versa,
 Yet naval practices and histories
 Prove these are only minor mysteries.—
 —Their forms, indeed, are just the same
 With those observed i' th' greater game ;
 Which saves us from a world of bother,
 Since One's description serves for t' other.
 Yet these occult and solemn Games
 Alas ! have no poetic names !
 Tho' they exceed, in our opinion,
 By chalks the famous Eleusinian ;
 Or all that Robison can tell us,
 Illuminati, or Odd Fellows ;

Nay, Mirabeau can ne'er regale ye
With visions like these Saturnalia ;
We call them so, since in reality
They boast Parisian true Equality,—
For Discipline resigns her sway
To share the labours of the day.—

Oh, pardon, Neptune ! if our verse
Aspire thine actions to rehearse ;
Thine actions !—yes, we'll spend a verse on
The compliments due to thy person,
For tho' thou actest but by proxy,
As eke doth Amphitrite thy Doxy :
Like sinecurists, thou and she,
May surely act by Deputy.—
But then the action and the glory
Are one, and quite another story ;
The Deputy's the trouble of it,
And you of course the fame and profit ;

Nay, something like this we have known,
Not in the CIVIL way alone ;
But that is neither here nor there :
Our story now's our only care.
So, Neptune, now we hope we're certain
Of pardon, if we raise thy curtain,
And let unshaven Landsmen know
The wonders of thy raree show!—

—The noon-tide Sun shone fierce and
bright,
No cloud, no sail appeared in sight,
The Novices who nothing knew
Composed one-third of all the crew ;
Poor devils ! some enjoyed the calm
Without suspicion or alarm,
But far the major part be't known
Were snug between decks batten'd down.

When suddenly commenced the row,
By Neptune hailing o'er the Bow ;

Demanding loud the Frigate's name,
And whither bound, and whence she came?
When certified of these, he said,
That some who ne'er had forfeit paid
He guessed there were on board, and He
Had therefore come himself to see.—

Three lusty cheers his entrance greeted,
And on a Grating Car they seated
Both him and brawny Amphitrite,
Her on the left side, Him the right.—

The Naval God look'd stern and big
In sinnet robe, and oakum wig,
And bore for Trident of command
³⁵ The cook's tormentors in his hand:
His yokemate cut no dirty caper
In diadem of cartridge paper,
A sealskin cestus too, her waist
And bunting petticoat embraced;

Their faces both, might well be said
To blaze with whitewash and port-red.

Them Triton followed, with the list
Of strangers, in his tarry fist.—

Their Ocean Majesties, and Train
Now launch from Forecastle amain
Along the Gangway, till they check
Their progress on the Quarter-Deck;
There, Neptune grimly turned his quid,
First asked the Captain how he did?
Then added, he had learned as how
³⁶ That some Galoots, who ne'er till now
Had made across the Line a trip,
Were stowed away on board his ship;
And these he wished should undergo
The Question in the Waist below.—

Now we must tell you in the waist
A mighty wash-deck Tub was placed,

Full of salt water, with a board
Laid neatly 'cross it, to afford
A seat for each unlearned wight
Who'd not the signs and tokens right.

A Barber with terrific scowl
Beside it stood, and held a Bowl
With lather formed of old Bilge-water,
Brine — Limejuice — Lamp-oil — Other
matter
Which you may guess—Tar—Soot—and
Slush,
Stirred with a monstrous painting brush :
This in his left—His better hand
A twelve-inch Razor did expand,
Still less beholden to the Grinder
Than those immortalized by Pindar,
For, once an iron hoop, it's jaw
Was jagged like any cross-cut Saw,

And what it's use was, you will see
If you pursue our history.—

—We should observe—in various
cases

The Court is held in divers places ;
A Boat upon the Booms some use,
Some, Forecastle or Gangway chuse ;
As for our Frigate's inboard boats,
The Launch was full of Geese and Goats,
The Yawl was stove, the Cutter painting,
The Captain's Gig—'twould set him
fainting

(Of course) with fury, but to mention
The using her with such intention!—

—They would not hazard being snubbed,
And so, the Novices they tubbed.

—The Ceremonies now begun ;
And all the Greenhorns, one by one,

Were cited solemnly to meet
The ordeal of the shaving seat :
To hunt the missing out, a Band
Of stout Familiars ready stand—
And faith they found enough to do
With ferretting the storerooms through ;
For many, driven by their fears,
Sought refuge in the Wings and Tiers ;
And struggling from their dens were
 lugged,
Like Badgers forth by Terriers tugged.

Some, answer'd boldly, thinking that
They'd got off hand their lesson pat ;
But these were every one detected,
Their false pretensions all rejected ;
Which aggravation of their sins
But fell the heavier on their chins !—
—An Officer, when he was called,
By Officers was overhauled ;

And when our Hero came in play, Sir,
Pat Shaughnessy held Brush and Razor ;
The Myrmidons around him placed,
Unrigged him upward from the waist,
And throned him quickly, tho' untoward,
Above the Tub, upon the Board.—

—Confined by many a giant grasp,
He could not flinch, he dared not gasp,
For Shaughnessy, with ape-like grace,
The paint-brush flourished o'er his face ;
Mouth, Nose, and Ears, the lather horrid
Scarce left unsmear'd his eyes and fore-
head ;

So fixed he was, he could not shrink,
Or 'scape from either taste, or stink,
For if he oped his mouth for breath,
The brush was popped between his teeth :
Nay, should a Monkey shave a Cat,
She'd look more pleased than he—that's
flat!—

At length his jaws were doomed to feel
The titillation of the steel,
Or rather *Iron*—for we said
Before, that of a Hoop 'twas made.—

John wriggled, roared, and swore his
chin

Would not retain one inch of skin !
When either through design or blunder
The plank he sat on slipped from under ;
³⁷ Like Parson Adams, in he went !
And thought they now in earnest meant
To soak his soul out of his corpus,
And flounced and blew like any porpoise ;
When soused no less than scalded hog,
They let him 'scape, like tail-piped dog :
That was not all, for as he scoured
Along the Waist, a deluge poured
From Booms and Boats of water down
By buckets full, upon his crown ;



W. Read, Sculptor.

CROSSING THE LINE

The Engines hissed in streaming wrath,
And from the Tops a new shower bath
Assailed him with redoubled sluice ;
It seemed the Devils had all broke loose,
And were resolved to frolic well
With wet, ere they returned to Hell !
Yet more did Johnny shiver and jump,
When he was handed to the hand-pump,
And forced on wedge and hammer both
To take a sort of Highgate oath.—
——He took it, and across the eyes
The Engine took him by surprise !
And sluice ! the Buckets, Kids, and Kegs
Again capsized him off his legs.—

But by this time, the Bull-dogs caught,
And up another Griffin brought ;
And their attention to that elf,
Gave Johnny time to save himself.—

Thus they went on—and when the Sun
Reclined—the Rites were scarcely done.—

—To this rude season of alarm,
Succeeded one of lengthened calm ;
The shaven were awhile derided,
But by degrees the laugh subsided.—
—Disgusted at this tranquil state,
The sailors d—d their cross-grained fate ;
' Give us,' they cried, ' we care not how
' It comes, but just a little Row !'

It is a standing rule at Sea
To let no minute idle be ;
Yet oft Ennui a corner finds
In even their chaotic minds.—
With ' Bait the Bear' and ' Able whackets,'³⁸
With Checquers, Galley - Songs, and
Packets,
They struggled hard to save the hour
Of Eve from Spleen's encroaching power.

Our Hero, in the general dearth,
 Found food for thought, but none for
 mirth ;

He now the complex vast machine
 Wherein he dwelt, throughout had seen ;
 And he would often with surprise
 (We'll coin a word) soliloquize.—

' I marvel still, the more I view

' Her management by such a crew!—

' Save Dale, not one of whom appears

' To me, possessed of two ideas ;

' Yet it would seem the service gains

' By e'en their very want of brains,

' And they more easily are led

' And ruled, by some directing head.'—

When John said this, he rubbed his chin,
 And owned, tho' fools, they'd ta'en him
 in,

But he was getting sick and tired,

He'd seen as much as he desired—

He'd seen a Dolphin, and a Shark,
A flying fish ; and in the dark,
Altho' it bit him cursed hard,
Had caught a Noddy on the yard,—
But when the novelty was o'er,
The repetition pleased no more.—
By this time too the Reefer's Mess
Of course had come to dire distress,
As usual each gradation known
³⁹ From Grub galore, to the King's own ;
⁴⁰ Their Murphies all being eaten too,
They could not even sport a stew ;
To 'save the pieces,' was no joke,
For all their Staffordshire was broke ;—
As for their Cookery, John, we're sure,
Was now a perfect Connoisseur—
⁴¹ Salt Junk and Pork, Pillaws of Rice,
Lob's Cowse, Dog's Body, and Sea-pies,
Pea-coffee, Hurryhush, and Chowder,
Fresh Water tasting of Gunpowder,

(Which Seamen say 's the best with Rum)

Were all familiar now become—

And tho' he did not drink his quartern,

He'd eat boiled pork like any Spartan,

Nay seldom could he find enough

They said 'to choak his bloody luff.'——⁴²

And added,—'If you'd go and fish,

'You might do good, and get a dish!'

Quoth John, 'I'll quickly catch enow,

'If you will only shew me how.'——

——'Why, there's the Jolly boat astern!⁴³

'Here's Lead and Line!—come, start and
learn!'

Tho' many an hour did Johnny spend,

With Line across his fingers' end,

Yet Fortune never deigned to bless

His hungry labours with success,

But rather seemed to take delight

In venting on him all her spite ;

For when he fancied that at last
He'd got a bite and haul'd in fast,
The Frigate, as she stooped her head,
Through the stern window swung his
 lead;

The Captain's Bell that instant rung,
John overboard his Tackle flung ;
And off, to scape the Mast-head, slunk
Down the lee ladder in a funk !

The Captain twigged him as he traced
44 'Tom Coxe's traverse' through the
 Waist,

But gave him only a jobation,
His greenness proving his salvation.—

Our John, moreover, as you know,
Had lent his kit out long ago,
And while his stock did Others use,
His Toes played peep-boh through his
 Shoes ;

So to protect them from the weather,
 He got a pair of scupper leather,
 (Which when the feet in water plunge,
 Absorbs the moisture like a sponge ;)
 Yet, now hard up, John gaily trod,
 And thought himself superbly shod,
 Tho' they let wind and water, souse
 Come in and out, like Jack Straw's house ;
 And sagged, across his insteps tied,
 Like bits of clammy untanned hide.

Yet all this time in his profession—
 He made insensibly progression—
 Of Masts, and Yards, and Sails he talk'd,
 Nay oft himself the Log-Board chalk'd—
 —His Journal noted each event ⁴⁵——
 —His Days-works to the Captain went—
 —The Boatswain too lent his advice
 In teaching him to knot and splice ;
 And in two months as much he knew
 As some who 'd sailed a year or two.—

The Surgeon's Mate who played the trick
When first he felt himself sea-sick,
Had now his staunchest friend become,
And gar'd his enemies sing dumb ;
He found John's anger always transient,
He ken'd John's Family was ancient ;
For Learning's sake he took his part,
John's Latin fairly won his heart ;
And in return John loved ' to crack
' A wee,' on deck with worthy Mac;
Or in the Cockpit in foul weather
The two would turn a page together
Of Horace—since 'twas folly trying
To read i' th' *Birth*—for what with shying
Hats about—and playing flutes,
Backgammon—Boxing—Cleaning Boots,
And other such polite pursuits,
Skylarking — Eating — Singing — Swig-
ging,
And Arguments about the Rigging,

‘This Mast, how taut!’——‘That sail,
how square!’

All Study had been fruitless *there*.—

——Now while banyan days came
round fast,

And the Cruise seemed as if ’twould last

For ever, John was asked to dine

I’ th’ Gunroom, and to dress quite fine

He wished, by way (on this occasion)

Of honouring their Invitation,

So down he set himself half dressed,

To adonize upon his chest :

His ship-washed linen out he laid,

And roast beef coat in smart parade.

And combed his head, and washed his

face in

Salt water, in a pewter basin.—

Another Reefer (’twas the same

Who stole the Jack, and caused him shame)

Just then was *ironing* so spruce,
A clean shirt, with the Tailor's Goose ;
And while he worked away beside him,
Began thus rudely to deride him,
' In my born days, I ne'er did chop
' Before on such a bl—sted fop,
' As Newcome there!—he's picking,' said
 he,
' His finger nails like any Lady!' —
——' My fingers don't for all that, feel
' The least inclined to pick and steal!'—
——' That sneer——on me d'ye mean to
 place it?'
——' For that—*Qui capit Ille facit*'—
——' D—mn your capped faces——eyes
 and shins—
' Your half laughs, and your Purser's
 grins!'
——' I've done—I yield—I never meant
' To strive with one so *eloquent*!'

The Ironer determined sly
 To match our spark at irony,
 And when Pilgarlick stooped to pull
 His dirty shirt off, o'er his skull,
 He clapped—and faith it made him start,
 The Iron to his after part ;
 John roar'd, and danced about, of course,
 As frisky as a ginger'd horse ;
 But soon he turned in wrath severe
 Upon th' Assaulter of his rear ;
 And while the combatants in mere rage,
 Battled the watch thus, in the steerage,
 Out came the First Lieutenant, who
 Soon ended all the Hulliballoo ;
 And having heard both sides, at last did
 Send up th' aggressor to the Mast-head.—

—We think it likely now, some few
 men,
 To shew their critical acumen,

Will say we violate the UNITIES
(As if we scorned them all as puny ties ;)
And do not with a due precision,
Make of our Time and Scenes division ;
Alas ! dread Sirs, in naval schools
We never conned those sacred rules,
So can but plead our ignorance
To that which you may please t' advance—
——Like Roman Hours, we cannot place
Our Acts in such and such a space ;
We rule not Rhymes—our Rhymes rule us,
Nor by a circumbendibus
To gain our Goal must we neglect,
When Rhymes won't let us march direct.

Then pray, Sirs, be for once our Friends,
For here our Second Canto ends.

THE ADVENTURES OF
JOHNNY NEWCOME

CANTO III



THE ADVENTURES OF
JOHNNY NEWCOME

ETC.

CANTO III

O'ER the pure tide at eve serene
REFLECTION fondly loves to lean,
And as the Vessel glides along,
To mark the rippling wavelets throng
Round her keen prow, and borrow thence
A momentary turbulence ;
Till lost beneath the calm of night,
And slumbering in the soft moonlight,
Their brief convulsions fleet away,
Like struggles of a human day.—

Then trembles in Reflection's eye
The misty tear of Prophecy !
And the wild Future's shadowy vale
Spreads dimly in perspective pale ;
While darkly definite and vast
Rears the rude outline of the Past.—

Enwrap't in deep ecstatic trance,
Unseen of her material glance,
In slow vibration sweeps the sky
The tall mast's dusky drapery.—

The Dolphin cleaves his flashing way—
The moony spangles quivering play,—
And midnight's ample vault on high
Expands in glittering Majesty.—

Albeit her vision rests afar
Intently on some brilliant star ;
Albeit the breezes rustling round
May waft, at times, a real sound ;

If aught she's viewing, aught she's hearing,
'Tis something absent and endearing!

To her mind's eye in yon fair beam
The tapers of her Cottage gleam—
And in the startled sea-bird's shriek
She hears her distant Kindred speak—
—The Sea was smooth — The Air was
clear,
Night's ghostly noon was drawing near,
The Bells had rung their seventh peal,
When John, who loved an hour to steal
E'en thus to soothe his serious mood,
On the lee chest-tree silent stood—
By fancy borne o'er flood and foam
He sought the still joys of his Home ;
Again he saw his Father's face,
He felt his Mother's warm embrace,
His Sisters innocently gay
Again before him led the way,

His faithful Spaniel he could see
Come bounding forth—when suddenly
The look-out Seaman loudly bawled,
And Johnny to himself recalled!
To th' Officer the seaman said
' I see a sail, Sir, right ahead!—
' She's running large on t'other tack,
 Sir!—⁴⁶
' She'll be on board us in a crack, Sir!—
' She is too,' mutter'd low the Sailor,
' A *man-of-war*—or I'm a Tailor!'

' Zounds!' cried the other in a rout,
' Turn up the watch to go about!—
' Young Gentleman! quick! quick, Sir!
 fly!
' And tell the Captain what we spy.'—
John soon returned, and took his place
As usual by the cross-jack brace—

Round came the ship, and when about,
 The Captain bade them to hang out
 Two Lanthorns of an equal height ;
 The private signal for the night—
 Which, plain 'twas, was not comprehended
 By those for whom it was intended.—
 The Drummer then to Quarters beat—
 The Quarter-Masters fast and neat
 Stowed all the Hammocks in the netting—
 ——‘ She ’s bearing up, and Studd’ng Sails
 setting !’
 The Look-outs cried——then growl’d—
 ‘ And why !
 ‘ Why, ’cause she is an Enemy !
 ‘ What makes her else run down to lee-
 ward ? ’
 ——The topsail sheets and yards se-
 cured ;
 The fighting Lanthorns one by one
 Disposed by every main-deck gun ;

The swabs, and sand in buckets ready,
The Decks to damp—and Footing steady ;
Each hatch close down—and woollen
 skreens

Nailed up to save the Magazines ;
The Surgeons in the Cockpit set
With Knife, and Saw, and Tourniquet ;
And other duties numberless
Which we can't easily express,
Being all arranged in order due,
And duly all reported too ;
Lieutenant Smart with satisfaction
Pronounced the Frigate fit for action ;
Which having to the Captain stated,
He with his trumpet anxious waited.

Many a night-glass with keen intent
Upon the stranger had been bent ;
She was a Rogue they did not doubt ;
But then her force was not made out ;

She might, for aught they could divine,
Be single deck'd, or of the Line.—
But they rejoiced when Captain Dale
Told Smart to wear and make all sail—
They knew their Captain was no starter,
Yet far too keen to catch a Tartar ;
And therefore guessed he would not close
The Chase before the dawn arose.
But Mr. Smart, in far less time
Than we've been hammering out this
 rhyme
Wore ship, made sail too in a trice,
Without once asking their advice.—

With little trouble, through the night
They kept the Stranger well in sight,
And towards morn found her, by the glass,
A Frigate of the largest class ;
Yet very doubtful was the sequel,
Their rate of sailing seemed so equal ;

Whene'er the wind appeared to die,
Away, the other seemed to fly ;
But when it freshened up again,
They hoped their object to attain.

Just as the morning watch was done
A firm top-gallant breeze came on,
And 'twas no more a question called
If they the other overhauled ;
Nay 'twas so plain, that now the Chase,
To do things with a decent grace,
Since running could no more avail,
Haul'd close up, under easy sail.—

A Flag he hoisted at the Fore,
And at his Peak the Tricolor :
The Capricorn's, when up it went,
With three hurrahs their welcome sent :
Thought they—' Jean Crappeau 's mighty
stout,
' He surely means to fight it out.'—

Our Frigate's kites were just ta'en in,
When he thought proper to begin.—

His Broadside made a precious row,
As she bore down, against her bow ;
But when she quietly had got
Her distance, scarce a pistol shot
Upon his weather beam, why then,
Our Frigate talked to him again.—

—Upon the Quarter-Deck stands
John,
In quality of Aid-du-Camp—
We will not tell you how he feels,
Whether he stands on head or heels,
Just now 'twould puzzle him to tell—
Yet not through fear—we know full well,
It is not terror, but amaze
That makes him shake his ears and gaze—
He shakes himself to find out whether
His carcase yet sticks all together ;

His gaze too is a gaze of wonder,
At all the havoc, smoke, and thunder ;
Thought he—‘ Tho’ I have heard on shore
‘ Of Bullets’ whiz, and Cannons’ roar,
‘ So piercing, spiteful, shrill a hiss
‘ I ne’er supposed they had as this !’
Meanwhile they whistle closely past
His nose and ears, amazing fast—
Upon the deck before his eyes
A soldier knocked to pieces lies,
And as he turns round in the smother,
Against him wounded reels another ;
He ne’er saw human blood before,
And it affected him the more—
But soon with orders to the Waist,
The Captain coolly bade him haste,
And there the Officers desire
A little to depress their Fire—
Not e’en in fancy, John had seen
Such sight as he saw then, we ween ;

The Seamen toiling 'midst the clatter ;
The carnage flowing like bilge water ;
The Heat, the Noise, the Smoak, the Smell
Of Sulphur, much resembled Hell ;
The Wounded lying shatter'd, jammed,
Writhing and howling like the Damned ;
The tout ensemble of the fuss,
Reminded him of Tartarus.

The third Lieutenant next he found
Quite deafened by th' incessant sound,
So to John's mouth he clapped his ear
What he had got to say, to hear ;
And as he stooped a wicked shot
Sent the Lieutenant's skull to pot,
Whose brains dislodged thus from their
 case,
Flew smoaking hot in Johnny's face ;
And those who witnessed the disaster,
Remark'd quite drily — 'tight work,
 Master !'—

He looked about in rueful puzzle,
And mopped the plaister from his muzzle,
'Till Shaughnessy observed him stare,
And guessed that he might orders bear—
Disburden'd of his missive load,
He turned back by a clearer road ;
For on the Forecastle he skipped,
And aft along the gangway tripped—
When he regained the Quarter-Deck,
More dire had grown the strife and wreck ;
For splinters flew and spars were falling,
And every other man was sprawling.—

The Enemy, it since appears,
Had near an hundred Musqueteers
Beside his usual crew, and these
Poured in their small shot thick as peas.—
John missed his Captain—by ill luck
A splinter 'gainst his knee had struck—

He rested on the weather side
Abreast the wheel, on a Gun-slide,
Serenely viewed the hurly-burly,
And gave his orders not in surly,
But calm, and even cheerful tone,
As if he felt no broken bone—
John found him, and reported what
Had been the third Lieutenant's lot—
The Captain bade him near remain,
Until he wanted him again ;
But scarcely was the sentence said,
Ere John was knocked heels over head !
In half a second up he jumped,
And first one leg, then t' other stumped
Upon the deck—then stretched each arm—
To find out where he 'd got the harm—
'Twas either splinters, or the wind
Of bullet passing him behind
Which knocked him down ; but in his fall
His side received a Musquet ball,

A flesh wound only—but the part
Began to bleed apace, and smart,
And when the blood began to trickle,
Thought John—‘I’m in a pretty pickle!
‘It may be mortal—and if so
‘I’ll have a slap before I go!’

With that he snatch’d in anger keen
A musquet from a dead Marine.—
—‘Before now I’ve knocked down a
Partridge!

‘And if I can but find a cartridge,
‘I’ll pepper yonder tatterdemalions—
‘Here’s one—Have at ye! ye rascalions!’
With pouch and firelock in his hand,
He by the gangway took his stand,
And might and main began to bellows
In a blue fury at the Fellows;
While Shaughnessy, who stood below,
At every shot exclaimed, ‘Bravo!’—

The French mainstay being cut at last,
Down staggering came the batter'd mast!
The Mizen too, to see it fall so,
Took huff, and therefore tumbled also—
'Well done, by Jasus!'—bellowed Pat,
'Newcome, 'twas you knocked down all
that!'—

Our Frigate forged a head, and now
Lay right athwart the Frenchman's bow,
Who after a few broadsides more,
Was glad to give the business o'er.—

Along her bowsprit in procession
The English marched and took possession;
And John ran too, with eager eyes
Among them, to explore the Prize.—

Her riven deck was sheeted o'er
Completely with a flood of gore ;

And every corner shew'd remains
Of legs, and arms, and hair, and brains ;
Nay, many by the Masts were crushed,
Whose blood in all directions gushed,
As when a man hath happed to place
His foot on one o' th' Beetle race!—

As John moved onward, in his way
A wounded officer there lay,
Who, sudden, on his pistol clapped
His hand, and at our hero snapped,
Then backward sinking with a yell
Of anguish, he exhausted fell—
John raised his weapon, but perceived
His enemy of sense bereaved ;
The pistol safe, he raised the head,
In pity, of the seeming Dead ;
Who oped his eyelids, and besought
A cup of water might be brought ;

Tho' John's own wound just now annoy'd
him,

No single thought of that employed him,
But off he started with a hat,
And brought some water back in that ;
He all but flew—'twas labour lost,
His foe had given up the ghost.—

Now Shaughnessy who in the rout
Had watched John's conduct all through-
out ;
Grasped firm his hand, and cried—' Dear
joy !
' By heavens, you're a gallant boy !
' I'm sorry I did once neglect ye—
' For now, John, damn me, I respect
ye—
' This prize will give us all the Dibs,
' And—what the devil ails your ribs ?

‘ You ’re hit?—by th’ Powers, I need not
ask it!

‘ I see the hole in your bread-basket—

‘ Arrah, never droop! my hearty fellow—

‘ Cheer up, my soul! don’t look so
yellow!’

For Johnny from the loss of blood

With real difficulty stood—

Kind-hearted Pat, across his back

Just threw him like a miller’s sack,

And sturdily away he bore him,

To bid the Doctor to restore him.—

——Reader!—if We were of the tribe
Who love the *Horrors* to describe,
Here might we well, with force dilate
Upon the woundeds’ dreadful state—
While, Butcher-like, the Surgeon stands—
With naked arms, and purple hands!
Nay, e’en embellish our relation

With all the forms of amputation ;
The dying groan, the gasp, the sigh,
The maddening shriek of agony !
Nor after all, one single word
Be more than we have seen and heard !
But We, alas ! no pleasure find
In scenes of such a ghastly kind—
Cockneys may call our taste inglorious ;
It has, howe'er, been long notorious
That Folks who after dinner sit,
And bottles crack instead of wit,
Discover far more fun in war,
Than we must own we ever saw ;
Like Him beguiled by Tommy Thumb,
These worthies cry—fee, foh, faw, fum !
And swallow down, without being fill'd,
More French than e'er *the Courier* killed.

But since we cannot hope to please
The *gout* of customers like these,

We will not try, but briefly say
Our Frigate many lost that day,
And on the French part there were slain,
At least as many men again.—

Of Johnny we can safely swear,
MacAllister took special care,
And neatly as you'd carve a pullet,
He from his ribs cut out the bullet—
—Our hero's blood was young and pure,
His friend too studied so his cure,
And physicked him, and dressed his wound
So well, that he was quickly sound.—

Now while the Prize is snug in tow,
And southern breezes kindly blow,
We've just spare time in your auriculars
To whisper, Sir, a few particulars:
LE PRINTEMS was the Frenchman's name;
To India bound; from Brest she came;

With valuables she was stored,
 And bore, as passengers on board,
 An Admiral, and many Knobs,
 Who thought of coming back Nabobs.—

'Tis an old proverb, 'tween the lip
 And cup, there's often many a slip,
 The Prisoners tho', with careless air,
 Shrugged, smiled, and said, 'Fortune de
 guerre!'

Nor with their pride and prospects crost,
 Externally their temper lost,
 'Till once a Middy rudely said,
⁴⁷He'd sell them for five pounds a head ;
 E'en then tho' vexed, they were not hard on
 Th' Offender, when he asked their pardon,
 For cobbled he had been for the scoff,
 But that the Frenchmen begged him off.—

The Gunroom, and the Reefer's birth
 Were now the strangest scenes on earth,

The Prisoners scarcely seemed to be
Behind their conquerors in glee ;
On their own stock they fed and laughed,
And their own Claret gaily quaffed,
Nor e'er look'd sulky till the day
They all were landed in Mill-Bay.

⁴⁸When in the SOUND our ship appeared,
By all the others she was cheered ;
And visitors from morn till night
Flocked off, to ask about the fight ;
And Girls and Jews came off to try
For Sailors' Love, and Agency.

Our Hero often had a job
To keep the ship clear of the mob,
And found it not a trifling bore
When sent on duty to the shore
To seek the Boats' Crews out, and fag
Through Mutton Cove, or Castle-Rag.

For ere long (we may well suppose)
 The ships were order'd up HAMOAZE.—
 —Here John a letter got from Home,
 The first he'd had since thence he'd come ;
 'Twas prior to the Action dated,
 And among other tidings stated,
 ' That now an old domestic feud,
 ' Bid fair at length to be subdued,
 ' His UNCLE PETER, oddly rather,
 ' Had paid a visit to his Father :
 ' And tho' the Doctor ne'er would stoop '
 (His Mother said) ' to make it up,
 ' Yet he rejoiced as much as she did,
 ' To find the Quarrel superseded.'

We've never told the Reader yet
 That Peter was a Baronet,
 The Doctor's elder brother, and
 Possessed of large estates in Land ;

But scarcely from their youth, one
 Brother

Had ever spoken to the other—
Sir Peter, as his Father's heir,
Had learned for no one soul to care :
By nature obstinate and bilious,
Imperious, and supercilious,
He vainly strove to arrogate
Dominion o'er his Brother's fate,
And when our Hero's Father married,
His anger to extremes he carried ;
Not that detraction's self could name
One blemish on the Lady's fame,
But that her Brother, once, he found
Had killed some Pheasants on his
 ground !

The Baronet was so profuse
Of his remarks—(we mean, abuse)
That from that hour the tie was broke,
The Brothers neither met nor spoke.—

—Sir Peter, at the time o' th' Letter,
Might fifty be, or rather better :
He'd got the Gout, and got one son,
A few years older than our John,
Hight ROBERT—and a sturdy Lout,
As ever pulled the Maids about.
This hopeful youth took great delight in
Bull, Badger-baiting, and Cock-fighting ;
And the Militia had embraced,
To gratify his warlike taste.—
His Mother long to rest had gone,
And thus his Sire was left alone.

It might be Conscience, or might not,
We positively can't say what
It was—It might perhaps be Liquor,
For he drank deep, which on the Vicar
Incited him to call, and own
The fault was his, and his alone.

Yet we suspect (to drag the well)
He wished a certain farm to sell,
But proper 'twas before the sale
To join in docking the entail ;
And he conceived His Brother's need
At once would tempt him to concede.
(The Reader recollects, we spoke
Before, about a BANK which broke.)—

—Some folks there are, who never
draw

A line, twixt Honesty and Law ;
An upright fellow, they an ass call ;
Their clever one, in fact 's a rascal ;
With them, the same term serves t' express
Both Cowardice and Gentleness ;
And hence they every man will have
To be a Bully or not brave :
Firmness and Penetration, hence
To be but weapons of offence,

Endowments granted, as they tell us,
To man, for preying on his fellows.—

Our Baronet believed devoutly,
This doctrine, and maintained it stoutly ;
He would not, therefore, first speak out
Frankly what he was come about,
For had he nobler weapons wielded
His brother possibly had yielded ;
But he must be, Sir Peter thought,
Intimidated, gulled, or bought.
He knew but little of his man
When he adopted such a plan !
For in the second interview
The Doctor saw him through and through,
And tho' internally he grieved
When he the mean design perceiv'd,
Yet all unalter'd as the rock
By Sunshine, Blast, or Ocean-shock,

The sordid Baronet he foiled,
Whose arts thus on himself recoil'd,
And who at parting loudly swore
A deadlier hatred than before,
And kept his word, for hence, the wound
Incurable was ever found ;
Tho' it had heal'd been, long enough
To furnish John with Lots o' th' stuff,
For ere the final eclaircissement
A ten pound note to Johnny he sent,
Without the Doctor's knowledge, who
When afterwards the fact he knew,
Conceived it less a free Donation ;
Than Venture upon Speculation ;
And therefore payment as a debt
He tender'd to the Baronet,
Who, tho' he shewed disdain at first,
Submitted to be reimbursed.—
—To John, who nothing knew of this,
It did not come at all amiss.—

—The Captain now was on dry land
 Grinning beneath the Surgeon's hand :
 49 The first Lieutenant, had been made :
 So none, of whom they were afraid
 Remained to awe the Quarter-Deck,
 50 And keep the Skylarkers in check—
 The Sailors all led jovial lives ;
 The officers too, had their *wives*.

The Ship in Dock lay—and in bulk
 They stowed themselves on board the
 Hulk.
 And tho' these Hulks are always haunted,
 At thought of Ghosts they were not
 daunted.

The Jews advanced the chink, and then
 The Sweepers e'en, were *fancy men* !⁵¹
 With all the Girls in all the Town
 The Capricorn's alone went down !—

Each Damsel to the swain who had her,
Most faithfully brought off a Bladder,⁵²
Ships-Corporals forgot to ferret
Beneath their petticoats for Spirit,
Nay e'en the watchful Master-at-Arms
'Twas said could not withstand their
 charms!

But sank, the stern ferocious Lictor,
Like any other vanquished Victor.—

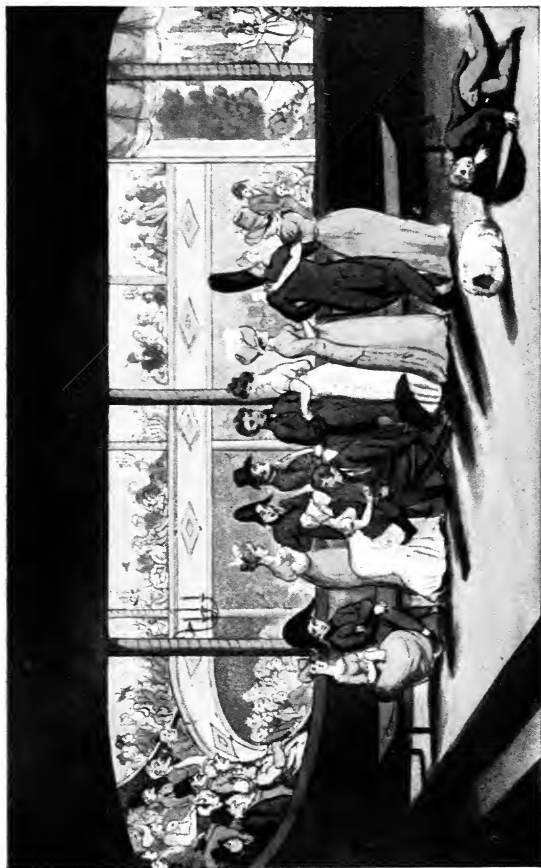
'Twas no uncommon thing to meet
On hackney-coach-top in the street,
A group of Sailors with a Lead
To heave; while some look'd out a head,
For any sign-post that appeared,
As all about the Towns they steered;
A Barrow slung behind, was meant
The jolly-boat to represent;
And when they short'ned sail for Gin,
Each to the Alehouse was wheeled in.

Throughout the Ship there seemed to be
An epidemic Jollity,
Th' infectious rage for pleasure clung
E'en to our John—In one so young
'Twas scarcely natural to trample
Upon the strong toils of example.
Elate—unguarded—flush of Cash,
He thought no harm to cut a dash,
For of all famous men of Yore,
He least to JOSEPH likeness bore :
'Tis true his principles were good,
But he, alas ! was—flesh and blood—
Through life he e'er had power to stifle
Each wish that prompted him to rifle
The Flower unculled—' But is it,'—said he,
' A theft if it be culled already ?'—

—On Ethic subtleties and shelves,
We do not wish to wreck ourselves ;

So shall not on the worth determine
Of those the Methodists call *Vermin* ;
Or what the guilt of that sad Blade is,
Who strikes his colours to the Ladies.—
——If *You* are for d—nation dealing !
Pray, Reader, where 's your fellow feeling ?
——Meanwhile, the Capricorn's still bore
The belle among the Bucks on shore ;
And th' ACTORS sent to beg, ' that they
' Would deign to patronize a Play ;
' Since 'twas designed, (with their consent)
' To celebrate the late event—
' To represent th' Achievement high,
' An Interlude was cut and dry ;
' And an *Occasional Address*,
' All, for the purpose writ express.'—

The Daggerwood's request was granted ;
For 'twas just what the Reefers wanted.



Roslandson, Delt

PLYMOUTH PLAY-HOUSE

H. Reed, Script

—The Day arrived—In gallant style
 The Tars rolled on in rank and file,
 With Fiddles squeaking loud before them,
 And Colours flying proudly o'er them.
 Their very fame insured a gay house,
 And filled choke full old Plymouth Play
 House ;

Meanwhile the Luffs and Mids were dining
 At Mother Mac's, and laying Wine in,
 The walls were dancing round the rooms,
 Their heads were making mops and
 brooms,

'Till Shaughnessy the Party rallied,
 And out they to their coaches sallied.—

—Good Reader, if our Story draws
 One moiety of that applause
 Which from his audience grim and tarred,
 O'erwhelmed the histrionic bard,

We shall not think our lot so hard !
For the Plymouthian Poet's fustian
Set all their fervour in combustion.
They shouted, stamp'd, hurrah'd, and
 clapped,
And cudgels on the benches rapped :
In short, Sir, much our hearts were eased,
Could you so easily be pleased.—

—See! gaily up into the Slips,
Our Hero 'mong his comrades trips,
And many a pretty girl is there,
With sparkling eyes and bosom fair!—

Our John, who never was a stoic,
Now absolutely felt heroic,
A Damsel too, beside him pressed,
Who seemed far lovelier than the rest ;
Her eyes were dark, and dark her hair,
CALLIOPE her *nomme de guerre*,

Her figure delicate and neat,
Her features, regular and sweet,
Her language, and address refined
Above the Others of her kind ;
Her languishing, yet thrilling glance,
Through her black eyelash shot askance ;
Oh ! there was something in that look,
A breast like Johnny's could not brook.
This Smith observed, and smiling said,
When next the Fair-One turned her head,
' Newcome, I see you can't refuse
' The favours of a willing Muse !'

Our office is to tell the truth,
We therefore must confess the Youth
Surrendered to the Lady's charms,
And that night revelled in her arms—
He fell, 'tis true, an easy prey,
As wiser men have done, they say ;

Then ponder, ere you pass his sentence!—
Did You, Sir, never buy repentance?

——Calliope, 'twas very plain,
Quite revolutionized his brain ;
'Twas obvious to all hands, that soon he
Became a most confounded Spooney.—

She told him such a piteous tale
Of all the horrors that assail,
Of all the Satyrs who pollute,
The passive—starving prostitute!
His tears ran down, his blood ran cold,
And from his pocket ran the gold.
He felt convinced her reformation
Was now within his own creation ;
And 'twas proposed that he should write
Her Parents word of her sad plight,
And further urge them to consent
To see their lovely penitent.—

—While this was yet in contemplation,
 Paddy, agog for recreation,
 TO IVY-BRIDGE, a short excursion
 Suggested, for a day's diversion.—

‘ My Boy, ’twill make you all alive !
 ‘ For I can ride, and you can drive ;
 ‘ Joe Smith and I will get across
 ‘ Upon the outside of a horse :
 ‘ We two can cruise about at random,
 ‘ While you steer straight on in a Tandem ;
 ‘ My Sue—your Lass too, by your side
 ‘ Of course will much enjoy the ride !’
 Quoth John—‘ By George, I’ve no objec-
 tion
 ‘ To go—but hold—on recollection,
 ‘ Calliope this morning told
 ‘ Me, that she’d got a shocking cold ;
 ‘ And therefore very much I doubt
 ‘ If she will venture to go out.’—

—‘Why that may all be very true,
‘And still it need not hinder *you*,
‘You’ve got no cold—But go and find
‘Out, if she’s in a riding mind!’—

Calliope, with languid air,
Replied, the jaunt she could not bear,
But that ’twould give her real pain
If Johnny should himself restrain ;
She therefore begged he’d go—and she’d
Sit quietly at home, and read.—

Long time to go, our John refused,
But she so many reasons used,
And Shaughnessy on t’other side
So strongly his entreaties plied,
That he reluctantly departed ;
And off the merry party started.—

John, Jehu-like, with flourished whip,
As if he’d out a fly’s eye clip,

The tandem drove with knowing care ;
 And reined the Tits with elbow square—
 Pat's Susan too, look'd so demure,
 That none suspected her, we're sure.

Ere they a brace of miles had got,
 'Twas Joey Smith's unlucky lot
 To suffer such a cruel spasm,
 That he i' th' party made a chasm ;
 He said, as they had not come far
 Their pleasure-voyage it need not mar,
 He should himself enjoy the frolic
 If 'twere not for that cursed *colic* !
 And therefore hoped they 'd feel no lack
 Of company if he turned back.—

' We'll go back with you ! ' Paddy cried,
 ' There's no occasion,' Joe replied,
 ' You may as well run out your rig,
 ' You'll pay the same price for the
 Gig ! '—

—‘That’s very true! Good bye t’ye then!
‘Come, Newcome! heave a head again!’

Away they rattled, tight and fast—
The village hove in sight at last—
‘And there!’ cried Shaughnessy, ‘we’ll
dine!’—

Just then a hapless herd of swine,
As Johnny turned a corner sudden,
Lay wallowing the ruts and mud in;
And the next moment, grunts and squeals
Proclaimed them underneath the wheels—
Poor John pulled in with might and main,
Till snapped at last the Leader’s rein;
Of course then all command he lost,
And crash, the gig went ’gainst a post.

The Lady took a mighty pitch,
And stuck heels upward in a ditch;
Our Hero quitted too the gig,
And flew against a great boar pig,



Rowlandson, Del.

GOING TO IVY-BRIDGE

W. Read, Sculp.

Whose belly luckily was full
And soft, or John had cracked his skull.

However, help was soon obtained ;
And daub'd with dirt, the Inn they gained ;
Where tongue and fowls, and lots of Wet
Made them their late capsizes forget—
Over a Bottle they revolved
Their case, and after all resolved,
That back they 'd in a Post-chaise go,
And take the broken gig *in tow*.—
'That will, you know, Jack,' Paddy cries,
'Be like our Frigate and the Prize.'—
So in the Chaise, both Pat and Jack,
And eke the Dame got safely back.
Her, at her lodgings they set down,
But drove, themselves, up to the 'CROWN.'
The night was drizzly, cold, and dark,
Yet our impatient amorous spark,

Without delay, trudged off to see
His drooping Fair, Calliope.—

Her maid began—‘ you ’d better, Sir,
‘ Your visit till the morn defer !
‘ My Mistress has just dropped asleep ’ ;
Quoth he, ‘ I ’ll only take a peep ! ’—
The maid the coming tempest knew,
And from its violence withdrew.—
John took the light, and softly stepped,
Lest he should wake her, if she slept ;
But only fancy his surprise !
He scarcely could believe his eyes ;
For snoring in the arms of Joey,
Calliope lay drunk as Chloe !—

John felt at once the passion yellow,
As fierce as ever felt Othello :
And sorely was amazed, we wis,
To find Smith’s Colic come to this.—

He gave the Bed a thundering shake ;
 ‘ Wake ! wake ! Calliope, awake !
 ‘ Dupe ! that I’ve been, to this Illusion !’—
 —She oped her eyes without confusion,
 And utter’d with a maudlin squall,
 ‘ I’ve given you turnips, Jack—that all !’⁵³—
 ‘ —As for that Dastard,’ Johnny cried,
 ‘ Who’s shamming slumber by your side,
 ‘ If I live ’till to-morrow morn
 ‘ I’ll shoot him, or I ne’er was born !—
 ‘ For *you*, Ma’am, all that can be said,
 ‘ Is, that you’re following up your trade !’—
 With that the door he open pushed,
 And hurrying down the staircase rushed.—

His Penetration and his Pride

Were so severely mortified,
 He felt as if he could engage
 The Devil himself, to vent his rage.—

To th' Inn he ran, and Paddy beckoned
Aside, to beg he'd be his *Second*—

Quoth Pat—'with all good will, my
Hearty,

'I'll help you to make up the Party,

'But surely you'll not be so cruel

'As kill a Pen-man in a duel!

'(Tho' one can hardly call it Sin,

'For he a Lawyer's Clerk has been)

'The thief may be a dab at writing,

'And something else, but not at fighting:

'Then let him rest a hide that's whole in:

'Tis but a Scotch prize he has stolen!

'And as the thing has happed—so let it!

'—We'll eat our supper and forget it!—

——'You're right!'—quoth Johnny, 'I
discover

'I've been an ass!—my passion's over—

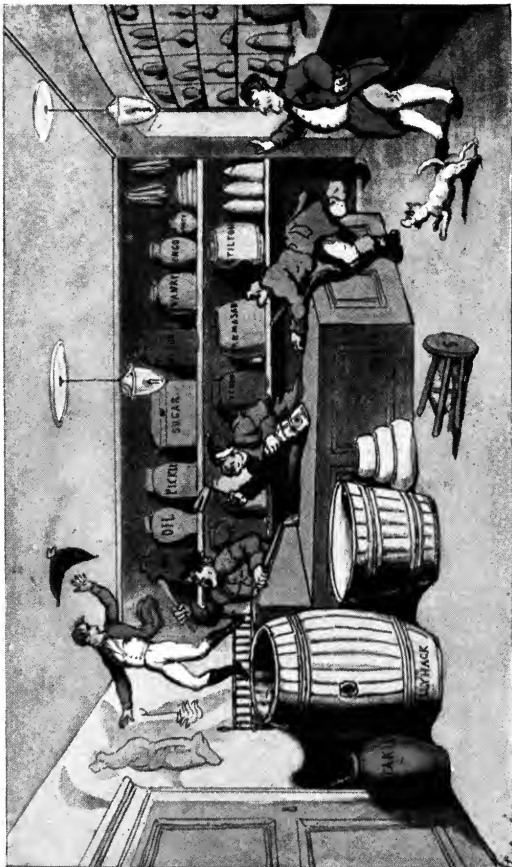
'But may the Devil take me when

'I to the rascal speak again!'

—Some other reefers tumbling in
 Joined them, and made a joyous din,
 But staid not long, for they in fact
 Had come on shore on the *new act* ;
 However by cup after cup
 They left poor Patrick half sewed up :
 When Johnny to go home to Sue
 Prevailed on him with much ado.—
 John first at th' Inn bespoke a Bed,
 And then away his friend he led ;
 Telling the Waiter, back he'd come
 Directly he had seen him home.—
 —Pat hickup'd—'Damn me! Newcome,
 now
 'I'm just bang up, for any row!'
 A window then they chanced to pass,
 And Pat his stick poked through the
 glass.
 Out from his Box the Watchman started,
 And off Pat like an arrow darted :

Quoth Johnny — ‘there’s no staying
here!’—

Off he too bolted, like a Deer ;
But the alarm so well was sounded,
That he perceived he was surrounded.—
A Grocer’s shop door open stood,
And seemed to offer shelter good :
John reached it soon, and in he scam-
per’d,
But found himself still further hamper’d,
For soon as e’er the Owner saw
Him, he declared against him War ;
And all the Watchman’s bellowing
crew
Came puffing, blowing, after, too.—
—John never let his courage drop,
But like a cat flew round the shop ;
At last, he on the counter jump’d,
And scrambling down, by chance he
plump’d,



W. Head, Script

IN THE GROCER'S SHOP

Rowlandson Delit

With squash and splash, and dab and
splutter,

Chin-deep into a cask of Butter.

Down rolled the cask, and forth he sprung
Directly all the gang among ;

They grappled him, but 'twas not easy
To hold him now, he was so greasy ;

Like pig with soapy tail, he slipped
Their fingers through, tho' hard they
nipped,

Then by good luck regained the street ;

And to such purpose used his feet,

That thinking it a hopeless case,

The Watchmen all gave up the chase.

As he continued his retreat,

He happed his friend again to meet.

'We're both shut out, Jack!' t'other
roar'd,

'I vote we therefore go on board :

' I know that Watchman well—the Sluts
 ' Have often told me how he cuts
 ' As many capers—a Spalpeen!
 ' As Reefer o'er a dead Marine!—
 ' They'll follow yet—pull foot, unless
 ' You'd lose the number of your Mess!
 ' Come bear a fist! a boat we'll shove
 ' Off, from the steps at Mutton Cove!'—
 '—I second,' Johnny said, 'your vote!'
 And both, soon jumped into a boat.—

——(We've made it pretty plain appear,
 The night was dark—their heads not
 clear—)

—Down on the thwarts sat Pat and Jack,⁵⁴
 (Pray mark us, Reader!) *back to back*;
 The One, his oar put o'er the larboard
 Side, and the Other o'er the Starboard;
 And ere the pair had time to make
 Discovery of their mistake,

They heard some voices on the land—
 ‘The Watchmen are again at hand!
 ‘Pull hearty, Jack!—the curs we’ll weather,
 ‘But don’t catch Crabs!—and pull to-
 gether!’—⁵⁵

The Boat just like a Top or Winch,
 Twirled round, but ne’er advanc’d an inch.
 Cried Pat again—‘I did not think
 ‘Before, I was so much in drink!
 ‘But now by th’ holy smut I find
 ‘That cursedly I’m in the wind;’⁵⁶
 ‘If I were sober I should say
 ‘The Lights on shore danced round *the*
Hay!’—

——‘And I must shake a cloth or two!
 ‘For seemingly I also view
 ‘The Lamps,’ (quoth Johnny) ‘in a Jig,
 ‘Fly round me like a whirligig!’—

‘Tis all enchantment!—there’s no doubt
on’t,

‘So pull away, and let’s get out on’t!’

Then Both to fetch a hearty stroke
Lean’d backward—and th’ enchantment
broke:

For whack! together came their sconces:
‘By Jove,’ cried both, ‘we both are
Dunces!’

—The voices they had heard before
Approaching, hailed them from the shore.
‘Haud! ye rief randies! or Ise wing ye!—
‘The coofs hae stown awa the dingey!’—⁵⁷

—‘Those tones MacAllister denote!
‘And this must be our own ship’s boat!’
Exclaimed our spark, and he was right;
For Mac had been on shore that night
To see the Captain—so all three
Went off together in high glee.—

Tho' John slept soundly for the present,
His thoughts next morn were far from
pleasant,

For he had nearly spent his pelf,
And come a little to himself—

He did not grudge the sum he had
given,

But sorrowed for the trade he'd driven.

Egregiously he'd paid demurrage,

His brain was cooled, and eke his courage.

His recent life would more beseem

A mad infatuating dream,

Than any waking deeds of sanity!

He thought—and inly cursed his vanity,

Which had (so like a silly varlet)

Made him the plaything of a Harlot!

But since he'd from discretion swerved,

'Twas all no worse than he deserved!

Thus Johnny thought.—Alas, poor John!

Thy Betters have no better done!—

In ancient days as well as these
The Beaux found ready cash could please;
Nor did the Belles disdain a rage
For gold, e'en in the golden age.
Since Hercules in lieu of his staff,
Saluted with a Lydian distaff;
Since Jove turned Shower, and Orpheus
fiddled,
The Fair have charmed, fleeced, and
diddled!—

Nay still whene'er a Dame's concerned,
However stout, however learned,
To sixpence you may bet a guinea,
The greatest Man's the greatest Ninny.
We've aye been forced to pay for rapture,
And shall be, to the end o' th' chapter!—

While these, and like reflections harrass'd
him,
A message further still embarrassed him—

The Captain sent one morn to say
 He wished to see him that same day :
 Thought John——‘ He’s heard how I’ve
 been fool’d,

‘ And I shall precious be school’d !

‘ To break my neck I’d almost chuse,

‘ Ere I’d his good opinion lose,

‘ But let the worst come to the worst,

‘ I’ll frankly own the truth at first!’—

So Johnny, bent against dissembling,

Attended him with fear and trembling ;

But to his joy perceived the Skipper

Had only sent for him to whip a

Letter into his fist, which he

Received that morning *postage free*,

⁵⁸ (As Captain’s letters ought to be)

——’Twas from the Doctor, who desired,

Provided John were not required

On board, or thus the Service hind’red,

He might come home to see his Kindred.—

When Johnny had perused the letter,
The Captain added, 'you had better
'Be off this evening by the Mail,
'For in a Fortnight we shall sail,—
'And you've still many things to learn,
'In ten days, therefore, you'll return.'—

—No room was in the Mail that night,
So on a coach miscalled *light*,
An hour ere dawn, with spirits gay
Our Youth departed on his way.—

No incident that's worth relation
Occurred in his *itineration*,
Down hill they rattled—up hill climbed,
Their trunks were weighed, their meals
were timed,
John's nose was red—his feet were chill—
He mighty humdrum felt—until
They through a town in Wiltshire passed;
The shades of eve were closing fast,

The wind was high, and seemed to threat
A fall ere long of sleet or wet—

When in the outskirts up they took

A Female of engaging look,

Faultless her form—genteel her mien—

Her years could scarce exceed fifteen—

Her dress was light, and ill designed

For guarding 'gainst so keen a wind ;

Which John remarking, kindly spoke,

And offer'd half his warm Boat-cloak—

In tone of such peculiar mildness,

Blent with such calm, mysterious wildness,

She thanked him—that in Johnny's breast

It roused Quixotic interest,

And still more yet, he wished to know

Her case, when tears began to flow.—

—Through delicacy he forbore

To probe her sorrows to the core,

While other Travellers might hear,

But just as Day began to peer,

While some had fallen fast asleep,
Some 'lighted to walk up a steep,
And thus were hush'd, or at a distance,
He proffer'd her his best assistance,
To act as e'en a Brother would,
If he could but promote her Good—
With many a sob and sigh, the truth
At last she trusted to the youth.—
—At school she 'd latterly been bred,
Where Novel-reading turned her head—
Till with her Mistress falling out,
She 'd literally set about
Herself a little Sempstress making—
And now was going fortune-seeking!
She saw too late her scheme was rash,
And worse than all, she 'd got no cash!—
But since her flight at Home was known,
She did not dare return alone.

Altho' the Lass was really pretty,
Our Hero nothing felt but Pity—

His Time was short, his Purse was low,
And he himself had far to go,
But tho' so young, enough he knew
To know what she was running to ;
So having pointed out her danger,
He promised, if she'd trust a stranger,
To be her Guardian and her Guide
Back to her Father's own fire-side !

The moment this the Maiden heard,
O'erjoyed, she took him at his word ;
And like another Scipio, he
Preserved her vestal purity ;
For next day he restored the blossom
Unsullied to it's Parent's bosom.—

——Nought further happened, saith our
Tale,
Till he got safe to Furrowdale.—



THE ADVENTURES OF
JOHNNY NEWCOME

CANTO IV



THE ADVENTURES OF
JOHNNY NEWCOME

ETC.

CANTO IV

A NORTHERN Minstrel well hath said,
'Breathes there the man with soul so dead,'
Who after wandering wide and far,
The sport of Tempest and of War,
Can view with calm, unmoistened eyes,
His native Spire and Woods arise ;
Nor feels his thrilling pulses glow
In wild accelerating flow,
While stepping hasty o'er the lawn,
To reach the Cot where he was born!—

M

Our Hero, on the Dickey mounted,
Had long the lazy milestones counted,
Had paid the Coachman, tipped the Guard,
That nothing might his course retard ;
And when they neared the Parsonage gate,
Down from the Stage he darted straight.

We shall not dwell upon the scene !
For, Reader, if thou e'er hast been
O'er hostile plains the seas beyond
An honourable vagabond,
And clasped, returning from the strife,
A Parent, Brother, Child, or Wife,
Thou'lt comprehend, we do not fear,
What Johnny felt—If not—th' idea
Defies our Pencil to pourtray it,
Or doggerel numbers to convey it :
So pure a flame, so chaste a fire,
Were worthy of a better Lyre !

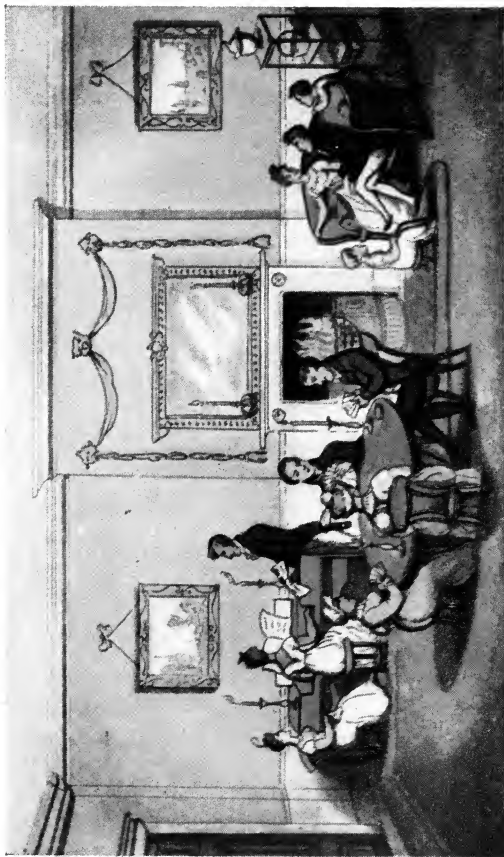
Suppose, tranquillity restored
 —Suppose, the festive Christmas Board,
 Where fancy hand in hand with reason
 Led up the pleasures of the Season—
 —The Rustics after Church suppose,
 Gazing at John in Sailor's clothes—
 —In short we might go on supposing
 Till you perhaps would fall a dozing—
 —His Father mark'd with wistful pride
 His sunburnt cheek, and wounded side—
 His Mother view'd his bolder air,
 His firmer step, and shoulder square.—

Oft was he questioned, if he found
 Much pain when he received the wound?
 And how he felt, and what he thought,
 While Others perished, and He fought?

The Girls, we must not fail to mention,
 Were all quite proud of his attention,

And at the Country Ball too, John
His booby Cousin Bob outshone,
—For Red coats at an Inland Dance
Once with the Blue Ones stood no
chance.—

His old friend Weed, the Nimrod 'Squire,
And eke his Daughter, fair MARIA,
Were ne'er so happy as when he
Would give them his society—
The Daughter, just from school emerging,
Was grown a very lovely Virgin.
Her pencil'd brow ; her golden curls ;
Her rounded arm ; her teeth of pearls ;
Her slender waist, and airy trip ;
The Damasked freshness of her lip ;
Her cheek—where feelings rose to die,
Like tints along an evening sky ;
Her voice, which might to memory bring
The tones of an Eolian string ;



Rowlandson, Del'.

JOHNNY AND MARIA

W. Read, Sculp

Her blue eye, now, with tear-drops bright,
Now, flashing keen with Fancy's Light,
Now, beaming sad, now, arch expression ;
All, made on John no slight impression ;
And any stander by, might tell
The maiden liked him just as well.—

When on some windy, snowy night
He talked about the Gale or Fight,
Maria lent a shuddering ear,
And fear'd, yet loved the tale to hear,
Like Desdemona, many an hour
The witching story would devour,
And own (when it was time to part)
She felt for him with all her heart.—

Their Parents both, on either side,
The growing passion soon espied,
Nor interfered—They 'd no objection
To such a prospect of connexion ;

The Doctor was, the Squire well knew,
Not rich,—but Interest much might do,—
And much, he deemed too would be done,
In pushing on his only son.—
Such Fortunes had of late been made
He thought the Navy no bad trade.—

Nor could the Doctor on his part
A reason well against it start,
(Their early years of course allowed)
He knew the Damsel well endowed,
And thought, perhaps, that some time
thence,
If so permitted Providence,
She'd make our youth a decent match,
Nay, that in truth he worse might catch.
There seemed a tacit understanding,
For neither Party put a hand in,
Or stirred themselves at all to take
One step, the intercourse to break—

As for the Principals, the flame
With them bore only Friendship's name ;
And hence their infant passion grew
Faster than either of them knew :
Howbeit, until our youth had paid
Full many a visit to the Maid,
(For oft a week at home he spent,
And back to Sea as often went ;
Which—not-unpleasant alternation,
Lasted while on the *Channel Station*)
Did they their mutual fondness smother,
Nor clearly understand each other ;
But when they did—of course you 'll guess
And you 'll guess right—they did no less
Than plight their faiths, exchange their
troths,
With all the usual pie-crust oaths.—

—Here, we've again been premature,
Or else, good reader, be ye sure

You'd learn in proper form ere now,
And proper place too, that as how
Our Hero did 'three weeks,' receive,
'Extension of his present leave,'
Occasioned by the BUILDER swearing
The ship demanded more repairing—
This term expired, the Captain said
That John might join her at Spithead.—

To one who so enjoyed his cruise
There could not come more welcome news;
He hunted—shot—and danced—however
That day arrived, when Friends must sever,
And then with many a stifled sigh
He bade them round and round good b'ye,
But seemed in no great haste to part—
Like *Prior's* Hero in the Cart—
—His mother took his great coat pocket,
And well with Sandwiches did stock it.—

—I' th' selfsame Coach that he came
home in

Again he sallied forth a roaming—
On every Cottage, Barn, and Tree,
He gazed as long as he could see ;
These out of sight, he shipped his cap,
And shut his eyes, as if to nap.—
At length, while near to London draw-
ing,

He in his inside felt a gnawing ;
But when he did his pockets rout,
And lug the Sandwich parcel out,
There was a something in the sight
Which took away his appetite ;
What this might be—we do not mean
T' assert—perhaps it was not clean,
Perhaps he thought of her who cut it,
And kindly in his pocket put it :
Whate'er the cause, he scarce could eat
His lunch, before in Gracechurch Street,

At that delightful Inn the Keys,
He lighted down not much at ease,
And waited there the hour's approach
When started off the Portsmouth Coach.

Since 'tis no fun each Stage recounting
By Devil's punch bowl—vale—or moun-
tain—

Suppose him then in Portsmouth town
At the famed Blue Posts Inn, set down
(Where, as the Dock-Yard-Mateys say,
The Middies stow their traps away,
And still consider'd as the best 'tis
At which the youths can leave their
chest-es)

——' My ship 's not here !—till she arrive,'
Thought Johnny,—' where am I to live ?'
So as he had before been taught,
He strait the Admiral's office sought,

And there in accent mild and meek,
With th' Secretary asked to speak—
——Than e'en their Masters, greater far
Some Jacks in Office often are!—

Nay, Johnny! higher folks than you
Have felt this odd assertion true,
And thus—depending on dependants—
Have cursed their stars—but danced
attendance.

—Long time our Hero here did linger,
And kicked his heel, and blew his finger,
Yet ne'er the wiser—till at last,
The Admiral himself came past,
And seeing Johnny, asked him what
It was he wanted or had got?—
John stated briefly all the fact,
And begged directions how to act—
The Admiral said the wind was fair,

The ship, of course, would soon be there,
And Johnny meanwhile might repair
As *Supernumerary*, till he
Could get to her, on board the Billy.

Two nights John passed there, and no
more,
For he beg'd leave to go on shore—
He dined upon a naked Table—
And slept at night upon a Cable—
Yet almost every Stranger-Mid,
Was fain to do as Johnny did—
Those who had beds, had cause to curse
Their fortunes, for they came off worse ;
So difficult it was to keep
A blanket safe, and yet to sleep !
One stranger swore he would be whipt
If thus he let himself be stripped !
He cut—('twas th' only way to do it,)
A hole, and put his noddle through it ;

That thus the Pilferers might wake him,
If they should napping try to take him.
'Twas with a vengeance they awoke him ;
In his own snare they strove to choak him ;
For, by the blanket o'er his head,
They roused him slap out of his bed,
And if the woollen had not torn,
He never would have seen the morn.—
—Another green, unguarded Wight,
Was tricked like Ariosto's knight,
Who lost his courser in a crack,
While dozing on his very back.—

When they to rob this Mid intended,
His Under-Sheet, the Rogues suspended
By its four corners, to the Beams ;
Then softly lower'd away (it seems)
The Hammock with the Mattress in it,
And boned the whole in half a minute ;

Without the Sleeper once awaking
 While they his property were taking,
 Nor even till (when far too late)
 The Linen cracked beneath his weight,
 And let him down upon the deck
 By th' lump! and well nigh broke his neck.

Quoth Johnny—‘There’s no little hard-
 ship

‘I find, in living in a Guardship!
 ‘I’ve often heard the Mates and Middies
 ‘Were always very knowing Kiddies,
 ‘But all of these right well, I ween,
 ‘⁵⁹ Have *passed* for *Blacks*, on board the
 Queen.

‘And as for what they call *Hook Blanket*,
 ‘They’mong their first acquirements rank
 it:

‘He’s wisest then, I think, who leaves
 ‘Without delay a den of thieves!—

‘ So if I get but once away,
 ‘ Till my ship comes, away I’ll stay!’——
 ——He went, as has been intimated,
 And his own ship’s arrival waited.—

While John on leave of absence was,
 Pat Shaughnessy *went up to Pass* :
 One week he staid in London, and
 Lived in smart Lodgings in the Strand :
 Tho’ time was short and precious, still
 He got of raree sights his fill ;
 Wapping he saw ; the Tower ; Docks all ;
 And had a daylight view of Vauxhall ;—
 Saw Covent-Garden ; Drury-Lane ;
 And Pidcock’s o’er and o’er again,
 Could tell which beast was fierce or tame,
 And almost every Monkey’s name ;
 —He saw St. Paul’s, and swaggering on he
 went
 Up to the tip-top of the Monument.—

—He made love to his Landlord's
Daughter,

Nay even to conditions brought her,
She promised him to yield, he said,
Her hand, as soon as he was made ;
As trophies of his prowess killing,
He shewed a Ring and Half a Shilling,
The latter was between them broken,
These words were on the other Token,
(A sample of the Lady's wit,
Tho' Pat confessed, he paid for it)

' When this you see remember me,

' Tho' many a league we distant be !'

And he told John—'Tis certain, Honey,

' She'll have a pretty whack of money !

' So bashful too !—sure 'twas the oddest

' Conceit, in any girl so modest

' To doat so soon ! but then we boys

' Are some how still the Women's
toys !'

—‘Boys!’ Johnny laughed, ‘you’re one
of those

‘Called *Tommy Pakenham’s*, I suppose!’

—‘Be asy—don’t be after joking—

‘I’m serious—’tis quite provoking—

—‘You do not find—now do ye, often

‘A girl disposed so soon to soften?’

‘I did not spend—I pledge my honour,

‘More than nine pounds in gifts upon
her!’—

—Pat too, to flourish ’mong the
Beaux,

Purchased two suits of coloured clothes,

A Quizzing-Glass, a clouded Cane,

A Patent Hat, a Watch and Chain,

A Lounging and a ten-caped-Coat,

And learned each modish phrase by
rote;

Nay lived that week as if, in short,

He ne’er to live another thought,—

—Good Reader—It behoves us now
At once our purpose to avow,
It is—(Alas! we sadly fear,
That you'll rejoice the news to hear!)
Soon as may be without confusion,
To bring our story to conclusion—
Forgive us then, Sir, if we trace
Some months' events in little space.—

—While yet at home our Ship
remained,
John fast his Captain's favour gained,
Who ne'er bestowed undue applause,
Yet by his order, John, because
He look'd out sharper than the rest did,
With charge o' th' SIGNALS was invested ;
Nor was the mark of honour lost
On John, who gloried in his Post.—

The Officers, too, all found out
That he knew what he was about ;

They found him zealous and expert,
Obliging, steady, and alert ;
And swore (to use their own expression)
He'd cut a splash in his profession.—

Indeed while ont his said Home-Station,
His toils were mixed with recreation ;
The Ship to every Channel Port
Occasionally made resort ;
And Johnny, as before we hinted,
Was ne'er of Leave of Absence stinted—
These pleasing prospects tho', at last,
As you will see, were overcast.—
By Telegraph, one morn while they
Suspecting nought at Spithead lay,
An Order came for them to take a
Numerous Convoy to JAMAICA—
The Tars were half with pleasure frantic
At thought of crossing the Atlantic ;

We cannot tell you why they were so,
When they all kick the bucket there so,
But so 'twas then—and so 'tis still,—
'Tis true they get of *grog* their fill,
Which makes, perhaps, these vent'rous
 sparks

Despise the Fever, Crabs, and Sharks.—

—Without encountering tornadoes,
John saw Madeira and Barbadoes,
For save one short, yet heavy Gale,
Nought happed worth telling in our tale,
They'd little labour, and less fun
To variegate their outward Run—
Save, that when on the Line, to *shave*
The Fleet hove to; and also, save
That Johnny did a Packthread pass
Across the field-lens of his Glass,
And made a Gulpin think the twine
Thus shewn him, was the Tropic Line—

Till came the day which did employ all
 The crew, to bring up, in PORT ROYAL—⁶⁰
 And KINGSTON shewed enticing scenes
 To lure the seamen and marines,—
 MARINES!—Good Reader, a propos!—
 A word of *them* before we go—
 You've probably remarked before
 That studiously we shun 'THE CORPS,'
 It is however with a view
 To what we may hereafter do—
 You're wise—we take for granted that!—
 —You understand us? *verbum sat.*—
 Nor do we now, Sir, mean t' explore
 The famous Western-Indian Shore,
 Some other time (to be explicit)
 The spot we may perhaps revisit.
 Meanwhile, for what is wanting here,
 Why *Vide* Brooks's Gazetteer—
 —Good Reader—(we have understood
 Readers by courtesy are good)

Good Reader, then—again we cry
You mercy for our *brevity*,
Which possibly you'll call egregious
Folly, when we're in fact so tedious ;
But whether ambling, marching, dancing,
You'll recollect we're still advancing.—

—Some damage, in the Gale sustained,
Our Frigate in the Port detained ;
Until with fatal vehemence
Broke forth the Yellow Pestilence!—
In troops the sailors sought the Shades,
By th' old road—*Via Palisades*—⁶¹
And as they died—the Negroes rammed
 them
Into the ground—where Land-crabs
 yammed them—
—But worse than all!—we mourn to tell
That CAPTAIN DALE a victim fell!

In truth it sorely doth us irk,
 That in the limits of our work,
 It should not suit us, nor '*our plan*,'
 To say more of this worthy man :
 'Tis not a common brush can paint
 The Character without a taint :
 The Artist, finds it hard to trace
 The features of a faultless face ;
 The Muse, more difficult to sketch
 The man of Virtue than the Wretch !—

Our Hero lost, when Dale expired,
 A Friend he honoured, loved, admired ;
 Nor had he scorned to shed a tear
 Above his venerated bier,
 But that himself that very day
 In crisis of the Fever lay ;
 Tho' He, by dint of *calomelling*,
 For that time 'scaped the narrow dwell-
 ing,—

Of colour, strength, and flesh bereft,
At last the Hospital he left—
He thought—‘ Where can I hope to find
‘ A Leader with such heart and mind ?
‘ A mind so piercing, deep, and calm,
‘ A Heart so gentle, brave, and warm !
‘ I did not think while yet he lived
‘ I could so for his loss have grieved.’—

Four little weeks had scarcely fled,
And half the crew were sick or dead ;
Nay Johnny, when on board he came,
Could scarce believe the ship the same ;
His spirits felt a second check—
Three strange Lieutenants walked the
deck—
No Captain yet had ta'en command,
But one, they heard, was near at hand—
Pat Shaughnessy, was gone to try
To get a dead man's vacancy—

To Mac, the Admiral had proffer'd
 A Surgeon's warrant, when it offer'd ;
 And Mac, lest he should seem to lag,
 Had volunteer'd on board the Flag⁶²—
 But first, with a sagacious wink,
 Advised our Hero well to think
 If 'twould not turn out for his benefit
 To leave the ship too?—since in any fit
 Of spleen or whim the new Commander
 Might turn him 'fore the mast to wander !
 And added—' Dinna think me humming !
 ' I hae haen a hint o' wha is coming!—
 ' And heard—but that may be a thumper,
 —' He flogs like ony *Johnny Jumper!*'⁶³
 Cried John—' It pains me much to part
 ' So soon from you, my honest heart !
 ' But in this ship my Father placed me ;
 ' No crime has hitherto disgraced me ;
 ' And while a matter 'tis of choice,
 ' I'll ne'er to quit her give my voice ;

‘ But do my Duty—and ne’er fear,
‘ Tho’ Beelzebub himself comes here.’

Mac shook his head—‘ you’ve under-
stood

‘ Nae doubt the path o’ rectitude
‘ To be the path o’ safety too ;
‘ Gude grant ye aye may find it true !’—

A tear almost in John’s eye started
When he shook hands with Mac, and
parted,
For in the steerage there were few
Remaining faces which he knew.—

——JOE MILLER, whom we mean to cite,
To this effect, doth somewhere write—
——A Sportsman one September day
Across a Farm-yard bent his way ;
When from a kennel out there tripped
A kind of four-legged nondescript :

‘Blood!’ cried the Gunner, ‘what d’ye call
 ‘This most uncommon animal!’
 ‘It’s naam,’ replied a Clown, ‘dye zee,
 ‘Till lately, Ponto used to be ;
 ‘He were a POINTER many years,
 ‘But Measter cut his tail and ears,
 ‘And made ’un into BULL-DOG—now, zir,
 ‘Our volks they always calls ’un Towzer.’—

The metamorphosed Pointer run
 And fawned upon the man with th’ gun,
 For maugre all his Owner’s skill,
 The Pointer was a Pointer still!—
 The Proverb ’stablishing afresh,
 ‘*What’s bred i’ the Bone ne’er leaves the
 Flesh*’ ;

Which truth was also plainly seen
 In the NEW CAPTAIN’S air and mien—
 This noble chief of happy omen,
 Bore TEAK for Family Cognomen—

His Sire, or we've been told a bouncer,
Once had been an Old-Bailey Trouncer—
A Pettifogger—who would do
All dirty work, with gain in view⁶⁴—
But as this old boy had of late
Popped somehow into an Estate,
He thought his business half un-
done

Till he i' th' *Navy* popped his Son ;
Conceiving it the shortest plan
For making him a *Gentleman*,
(Not that the boy the first would be
Who *manners* came to *learn at sea*⁶⁵)
But though he still got forward daily,
He ne'er could quite forget th' Old
Bailey.—

By Nature, he without a doubt
For an Attorney was cut out ;
By Education, he became
A Man-of-War's-man, ere the name

Of Seaman, he deserved or gained :

—'Twas scarce deserved tho', when obtained—

He was, in short, to sum up all,

What men a *King's-hard-bargain* call !—⁶⁶

—Now, Reader ! pardon a digression,

In favour of this same Profession.—

If you suppose We wish to fling
 Reproach on th' service of the King—
 You have—and We will make t' appear—
 Just got the wrong pig by the ear !
 No folks on earth, can more than We
 Respect the Brethren of the Sea !—

⁶⁷ Tho' not quite '*born beneath a gun,*'
We in the Navy learned to run
 Ourselves—and tho' ourselves have said it,
 Have e'er felt keenly for it's credit—

Without Exception, there's no Rule ;
E'en in the Navy—Honour's school—
And hence, it cannot be insisted
That men like Teak have ne'er existed ;
But we must honestly avow
We do not *know* one living now—
Yet Teak was modest!—he ne'er boasted
The means by which he had been Posted ;
Some, laid it to his handsome Spouse,
While credit gave him, some, for *nous* ;
But whether 'twas the Dame's contrivance,
Assisted by his own connivance,
Or whether 'twas his skill, and bravery,
Or whether impudence and knavery,
By which he rose—we cannot tell,
So shall not on the question dwell.—

—Old Teak was dead—and ere well
cold—

His Son, dry-eyed, th' Estate had sold—

Then got himself sent here—to gather
 Some Debts outstanding to his Father.—
 —His ship was but an eight-and-twenty,
 And by this time he'd Cruising plenty—
 So, of the *Mona Passage* tired,
 The Capricorn he much desired.—
 The Admiral, who did not like him,
 Was off the station, glad to *hike* him—
 And since the Frigate's ORDERS were,
 'If th' Admiral should not want her there,
 'Nor chuse the climate to detain her in,
 'To join the Fleet i' th' Mediterranean !'
 He would not these instructions alter,
 But bade Teak take her to GIBRALTAR.—
 —With Invalids, her complement
 Was soon complete, and off she went.—

All these poor devils to a man
 Apace to convalesce began,

As soon as once they'd left the place
 So fatal to the northern race—
 Each morning still the Captain missed
 More names from off the Doctor's List ;
 And in three weeks there did not sail
 A man of war with crew more hale !—
 So let her sail then !—while our pen
 Returns to Captain Teak again.—

His Person, Sirs, was well enough ;
 But his demeanour rude, and rough,
 And overbearing, to all those
 Whom he inferiors might suppose !
 But with great people he could carney,
 And bow, and cringe, and tip the
 blarney :—

—With Others, talking,—from his tone
 You'd think the ship was all his own ;
 —' *My* Masts'—' *My* Yards'—' *My* Jack '
 —' *My* Pendant'—

'*My Purser*'—and '*My First Lieutenant*'—
 '*My Gunner's stores*'—'*My Surgeon's*
 plaister'—

'*My Carpenter*'—but not '*My Master*'⁶⁸

And when the ship moved, he would say
 '*I'll tack*'—'*I'll anchor*'—or '*I'll*
 weigh.'—

—If e'er the Fortune of the war
 Gave him a Prize, he'd cap a bar⁶⁹
 Like blazes—but stand clear! that elf
 Who dared to steal besides himself.—

Delinquents, oft when he could catch,
 He'd bid the officer o'th' watch,
 Seize up, and serve them out a leash
 Of Dozens, on the rump a piece:
 The order issued—he would go
 To breakfast coolly down below,
 Where while he sipping Coffee sat,
 He heard their cries, and heard the Cat—

‘The Service never should decline,
He swore, ‘for lack of Discipline!’—

—Of Followers, he brought a suite
For such a Chieftain truly meet ;
His Steward was a scoundrel Sambo,
And in his own conceit a d—nd beau ;
A true Barbadian being born,
He others held in utter scorn ;
And always backed by Teak, of course he
Was (like most Captain’s - Stewards)
saucy.—

On board the ship he’d not been long,
Before the Hero of our song
Spied him one morn his time employ
In starting an unlucky Boy ;
John knew the merits of the case,
And shook a rope in Sambo’s face,

Exclaiming 'stop, Sir! or you'll rue;—
 'If you start him, I'll rope's end you!' ⁷⁰
 This, *hasty* was; but our confession
 Premised that John abhorr'd oppression;
 (Nor had he any notion then
 Of what some folks call licensed men :)
 Too many Witnesses were by,
 For Sambo to invent a Lie;
 Or he had bolted at the word,
 And told it to his worthy Lord—
 But now i' th' wrong, himself he knew :
 Moreover, Others knew it too :
 And therefore tho' his pride was stung,
 To plot revenge, and hold his tongue,
 He thought were best—so turned the
 white
 O' his eye on John, and grinned with spite :
 John did not wait to hear him chatter,
 But went and thought no more o' th'
 matter.—

—When Dogs are drowning—People
think

That all incline to give them drink.—

—Joe Smith, who 'd made John erst a
fool,

Had towards him e'er continued cool—

(Too true's that adage—'while he lives,
'He who has wronged you, ne'er forgives.')

Yet soon this artful sycophant

Became the Captain's confidant,

And did 'twas thought his ears regale

In private oft with many a Tale.

To these first causes, as we judge,

May be ascribed th' inveterate grudge

(Tho' after times encreased it more)

Which 'gainst our youth his Captain bore.

While Smith thus in his favour basked,

Our youth to dine the Captain asked.—

—These *invitations*, Reader! border
 At most times closely on an *Order* ;
 And when a fellow's *turn to dine*
 Comes round, he *dare* not well decline ;
 So Johnny went ; and what he saw,
 Made him intuitively draw
 A parallel 'tween this Oppressor
 And his enlightened predecessor.

Good Sense, Good Humour, did prevail
 On all occasions there with Dale,
 Who was a most surprising dab in
 Making guests pleasant in his cabin :
 But Teak, like some infernal God,
 To Johnny scarce vouchsafed to nod ;
 And this repulsive gloomy state
 Not only lasted while they ate ;
 But all the time the wine went round,
 Not twenty words were heard to sound ;

Save when, perhaps, a servant blunder'd,
 Then loud his vollied oaths were
 thunder'd;

But as away the tempest died,
 All dull again and dignified
 Became.—However, very soon
 He gave as Toast—‘GOOD AFTERNOON!’
 And then, to top their booms well pleased,
 His guests their hats in hurry seized;
 (By th’ bye, the Master and the Purser,
 And Acting Dickey these Guests were Sir.⁷¹)
 But John went not with *them*—Alas!
He, while they drank the second glass,
 Was sent up to observe the wind!
 Nor felt he to return inclined;
 But rightly guessed the mighty man, Sir,
 Would not expect him with an answer.—

——The Frigate now at sea had been
 About a month, when far was seen

A sail to leeward, with her head
South-west and all her canvass spread.

John, as the Reader will not doubt,
With glass was always looking out ;
The Captain too employ'd his eyes,
And spied, and look'd uncommon wise—
' I make her out,' the Chief began,
' An outward-bound West India-man !'—
—Tho' none of the Lieutenants chose
This declaration to oppose
In terms direct, yet some appear'd
To wish the stranger might be neared ;
As if they fancied her suspicious,
And passing her might prove pernicious—
But since the Skipper seemed quite bent
To keep his wind—away they went
From the lee gangway, to the weather ;
Where two of them conferred together,

The first, and eke the acting Luff;
 Who were not pleased, 'twas plain
 enough.—

The Sailors peered, restrained, yet eager,
 Like Pointers ere you pull the Trigger—
 But as the Captain had declared
 His own opinion, not one dared
 Throughout the ship, to be the victim
 Of's wrath, (*id est*, to contradict him)
 Save John, who questioned was by Teak,
 ' You think, of course, as I do?—speak !'—
 ——' A Frigate, Sir, *I* think;—moreover
⁷² ' That French-cut Royals, I discover!'—
 Teak stared!—' your obvious inference
 ' Savours, young man, of insolence!
 ' And discontent amongst a Crew
 ' Might soon be spread by whelps like you!
 ' But your impertinence I'll check;
 ' So leave your spy glass on the deck;

‘ Then to the Cross-Trees quick repair,⁷³
 ‘ And till I call you down, stay there ;
 ‘ Nor come th’ old Soldier over me!—
 ‘ Keep on the weather-side, d’ ye see!
 ‘ No answer, Sir!—no slack!—if twice ye
 ‘ Wait to be order’d, up I’ll trice ye!—
 —‘ I wonder who first put a Glass
 ‘ Into the hands of such an Ass!—
 ‘ With charge of Signals too, forsooth!
 ‘ But now you’ve done with them, my
 youth!
 ‘ For from this moment if I catch ye
 ‘ Touching a Glass, by G—d, I’ll match ye
 ‘ To th’ Gunner’s Daughter!—now you
 know
 ‘ What you’ve to look for!—up, Sir!—
 go!’—

Our Hero scarcely could refrain
 Replying to his taunts again ;

His blood boiled o'er so, when the Gander
Reflected on his dead Commander !
But ere he from his perch descended,
His warmth was pretty near expended ;
For being resolved to cool him well,
Teak gave him there an eight hours'
spell—

Not John alone, by this behest
Was cooled—It cowed and stilled the rest
O' th' murmurers, fore and aft the Ship ;
Like hounds that hear the huntsman's
whip.—

—This was the *first* time John e'er
went

To the mast-head for punishment,
But not the *last*, by many a time ;
He did not always know the crime
For which he mounted, but he knew
A trick at any time worth two,

Of standing chalks, or asking why
The Skipper stuck him up to dry.—

—However, to resume the thread
Of our plain tale!—that night, a head
The breezes drew—and therefore they
Laid the ship's nose the other way—
The following morn was thick and hazy ;
And Johnny, with vexation crazy ;
Till about noon the weather clear'd,
And then two sail in sight appeared ;
Which turned out, to his anxious eyes,
A British Frigate and her Prize—
A Frenchman of an equal force,
Which she had fought (and ta'en of course)
That very morn—their situation
Required a prompt communication ;
And on comparing notes, without
The possibility of doubt,

'Twas proved, the French ship was the
same

Through which our John had suffer'd
blame.—

—The Strange Chief did not seem
harmonic

With Teak, but distant—nay laconic ;

'Twas not *his* grievance though!—*his*
Purse

Through Teak's neglect was none the
worse ;

No prize the *last* ship could have caught,
Had the *first* acted as she ought.—

But the French Captain smiled sarcastic,
—' Mevould have sprung ma vera last stick

' By carrying sail, had me been you,

' Vith l'ennemie before ma view ;

' Me littel tink you'd let a me

' Get clear away beneath your lee!—

' Ma foi, monsieur ! you did delight
 ' Me moch—for I no vant for fight ;
 ' *Mes ordres* me compel to shun
 ' Your ship—and vith despatches run !'—

—To curse his error Teak affected ;
 But said, the Frenchman was protected
 By his captivity ; and free
 As saucy as he chose, to be.—

—A Sloop of War now joined—and so
 The Capricorn soon parted Co.—

—Some Readers, might perhaps
 conceive
 That this denouement would relieve
 Our Hero from his Captain's wrath,
 And reinstate him, and so forth—
 But candour rarely doth belong
 To those who th' unoffending wrong ;

And Teak's aversion to our Blade
Thenceforth assumed a deeper shade.

—The FIRST Lieutenant, tho' as brave
A man as ever stemmed the wave,
And just as good a Seaman, yet
Beneath Teak's thumb had chanced to
get.—

A boon companion and a singer,
He loved to lift his little finger,
And once was caught in such a plight
On *Saturday's* unguarded night,
That to his conduct tho' averse—he
Lay thus completely at his mercy.—

—The SECOND—sly, reserved, and
lone,
Was quite a creature of his own ;
And e'er was thought (we don't know why)
To be a sort of Gunroom Spy.—

—The THIRD—tho' not so vile a pact
in,

We've said before, was only acting ;
So had *he* dared his mouth to ope,
He had been dished, beyond all hope.—

—The MASTER, was a kind of cypher ;
Nor were their other messmates rifer
In inclination or capacity,
To hold a check to Teak's audacity ;
Who did some knowledge here display
Of ' Divide et impera,'
For he contrived to make their mess
A Theatre of Bitterness—
Mistrust, and feuds, encreased each day,
And he maintained despotic sway.—

—I' th' second of these said Lieu-
tenants'

Watches, our Hero now did penance ;

That Satellite (to please his Pattern,
Malignant as the Planet Saturn)
Tormented Johnny daily—nightly—
And (as he called it) worked him tightly—
Poor John, ere long, became no more
The sprightly youth he was before,
But on his visage, tone and air,
Was stamp'd the withering trace of
Care—

Nor did his kind Commander's sneer
His flagging spirits tend to cheer—
—' How slow you move!—do you no zeal,
' No fondness for the service feel?—
' I see you don't—'Tis not my fault—
' You never will be worth your salt!
' By G—d! your Duty—Pastime—All
' Goes down just like a forced-meat ball!—
' But tho' you little seem to reck,
' I'll break your pride, Sir, or your
neck!'—

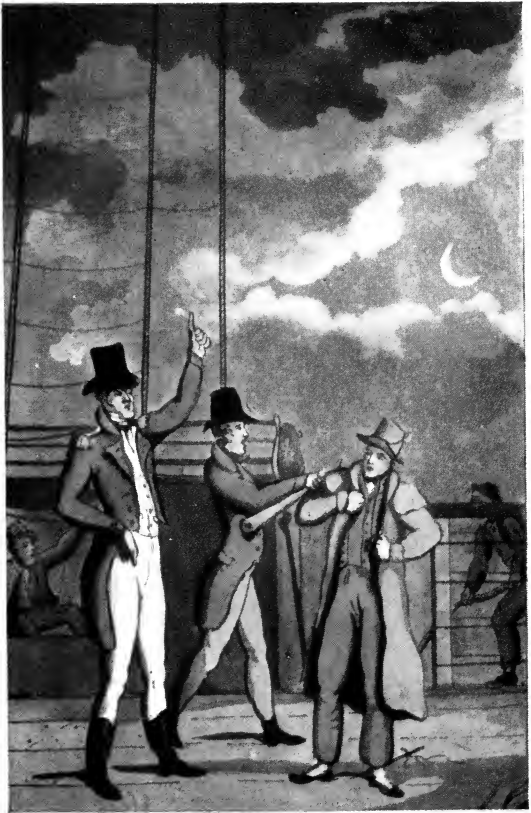
—The next time John roused his
terrific,
Resentment by a scrape specific,
Was when a Launcher ran away,
While watering in Gibraltar Bay.—

When John came off, and told his
tale,
The Captain turned with fury pale—
—‘G—d d—n your blood—you Brat!
so you
‘Have lost me one of the boat’s crew!—
‘A Man, Sir, so you’ve lost for me?—
‘A Man!—a thing *you* ne’er will be!
‘Be silent, Sir!—d’ye dare to mutter?—
‘Be off this instant!—take the Cutter!
‘And ere the Evening Gun you hear,
‘Bring him on board!—or else stand
clear!’—

—— John, empty-carcased — heavy-
hearted—

Upon the wild goose chase departed.—

From the Old Mole he hunted till
He reached the New one, and Scud Hill—
At each Jew Agent's did he stop,
Each Wine-House, and Rosolio-Shop,
And search'd, and ask'd, and search'd
again ;
But all his labour was in vain—
For fagged he was in every limb,
And the *Rock Scorpions* laughed at him—⁷⁴
If he had hunted to this day
His Hunting had been thrown away ;
For long ere first he left the Beach
The man was far beyond his reach—
A CUBA creole—He had found
His way from off the Neutral Ground,



Rowlandson, Del.

MAST-HEADED

W. Read, Sculp.

And gained the Spanish Lines, unseen
By any of the Picquets keen.—

——The Gun was fired—our Hero went
On board, exhausted—jaded—spent—
The Captain on the gangway met him—
——‘Pray where’s your man?—you did
not get him?’

‘Eh!—Douce your Grigo!—Come, no
talk!

‘Up to the Topmast Crosstrees walk!’
Quoth Johnny—‘Sir, I am but ill able—’
——‘Silence! G—d d—n ye, not a syllable!’

——Aloft, our cold and wearied Spark
Sat ruminating in the dark;
Till ‘on the high and giddy mast’
He fairly fell asleep at last.—

At Two o’clock i’ th’ morning, when
They hailed him to come down again,

He made no answer ; so they sent
Two sailors up to prove th' event ;
On his beam ends across the trees
Like Steak on Gridiron, ill at ease,
He drove his Hogs so very fast,
That e'en the Topmen stood aghast—
So chill'd he was, when they did wake him,
They in their arms were forced to take
him,

Lest he should play a slippery trick,
And fly to th' Devil ' double quick !'
He came safe down, and then below
He was at length allowed to go—
His head he laid upon some bunting,
For while he was on shore man-hunting,
His hammock, 'cause on deck it tarried,
To th' Boatswain's Storeroom had been
carried ;

And 'twas a month e'er he was able
To get it out—so on the Cable,

Or on a Sail, Flag, Plank, or Chest,
 Poor Johnny took his nightly rest ;
 And all that time he slept, of course,
⁷⁵ *All Standing*, like a Trooper's Horse.

—Soon after this, it was—he had
 The Morning Watch, and felt quite glad
 When it was over—for the wet
 Of washing decks, made him sharp set—
 He down the ladder jump'd in haste,
 'Gainst Sambo, who along the waist
 Was carrying a Tray well stored
 With breakfast, to his mighty Lord—
 Down went a wine glass with an egg,
 And cracked against our Hero's leg—
 —'Oh!—Sambo, I was not aware
 'That you were passing, I declare—
 'You see of course it was not meant,
 'And I regret the accident!'
 —'But ax my pardon!'—'Why so cross?
 'For, Sambo, your's is not the loss!

‘As for the Glass, no harm is done,
‘For I’ll replace it two for one—
‘And as for eggs, I’ll send on shore,
‘And buy you half a dozen more—
‘This, should your master blame you, say—
‘If ’twon’t affront him, by the way!’—
——‘No, no, Sar! dat alone won’t do,
‘For you shall ax my pardon too!’—
John’s ire was ready now to burst,
‘Ere that, I must have wrong’d you first’—
——‘You won’t ax pardon, den, Sar?’—‘No’;
‘Den to the Capitan me go!’—
‘Well, when he knows what I intended,
‘I’m sure he cannot feel offended.’——
——They parted,—John to seek his break-
fast—

And Sambo, to complain o’ th’ wreck vast.

While John some tea and biscuit sopped,
Devour’d—the Quarter-Master popped

Inside the door, a face that woe meant ;
 ‘ The Captain wants you, Sir, this moment !’
 — John followed him and almost trembled
 To find a ready Court assembled :
 The First Lieutenant and the Boatswain
 Were closetted the Cabin close in ;
 And what seem’d even still less pleasing,
 Each Quarter-Master with a seizing.—

‘ That Boy (who thinks himself adult)
 ‘ Has chosen Sambo to insult !’
 Cried Teak—‘ And no one who does so,
 ‘ Unpunished from my hands shall go !
 ‘ My servant, I will let you see,
 ‘ The representative’s of me !’
 Quoth John—‘ Sir, if you’ll hear me
 state’—
 —‘ You were not sent for here to prate !
 ‘ Your *lip* will stand you in no stead ;
 ‘ The Gunner’s daughter you shall wed !’—

—This Dame, Good Reader, is a Cannon
To which they seize the married man on,
The ceremony's consummation
Is nothing but a flagellation ;
And, no bad symbol of a Wife!
A nine-tailed Cat completes the strife.

Our John, who did not like the fun
Of riding cock-horse on a Gun,
O'er his left shoulder rueful eyed
The Boatswain near where he was tied—
While he made buttons—Teak cried—
 ' Now, Sirs,
' Unbutton Mr. Newcome's trowsers !'
Pipes on the deck threw Coat and Hat,
Next with his fingers combed his Cat,
Then stretched his arm, and stepping back,
Administer'd a lusty whack.—
A dozen fell to Johnny's share
That morning on his sternpost bare—

But e'en when they had cast him off,
 He did not 'scape without a scoff!
 (Teak with his victims condescended
 To sport what he for *Wit* intended;
 Like ram-cat playing with a mouse,
 Or Tailor worrying a louse)
 'Off! to your breakfast, get away!
 'Sir! with what appetite you may!'

—Now after such indignity
 Would you wish John to stay at Sea?
 Would you not think such treatment must
 Raise him to th' acme of disgust?—
 If so you wish and think, or not,
 Avaieth scarce a single jot;
 There is so little to be said—
 John's Father's Patron was gone dead,
 And thus the Interest too was gone,
 Which might have pushed our Hero on;

And as for Merit—with a sigh
Quoth Johnny—‘ That seems all my eye ! ’

——The Capricorn was ordered home,
And Teak, who probably had some
Inducements to decline that trip,
Exchanged into another ship—
But ere long his career was over ;
His *Cloth* his merits did discover ;
His Equals cut him, and ’tis said
That but a sorry life he led—
Nay worse, he had the luck to get
Of Officers a different set,
And among these, a man too cool
And resolute to be his Tool,
Or stand his nonsense ; and ere long
Who made him sing another song—
E’en *tried* him, and his deeds in spite
Of all his cunning brought to light ;



THE CAPTAIN'S GOING OUT OF THE SHIP—GENTLEMEN!

For maugre a Defence which might
 Have made *Tom Pepper* blush outright,
 The charges all were proved, and he
 Was broke at last for Tyranny.—

—Our Johnny thought, ‘Although the
 service

‘ Still boasts a Nelson and a Jervis,
 ‘ I do not like the thought of risking
 ‘ The chance of such another whisking!
 ‘ For Gales, and Actions—and all that,
 ‘ I do not care—but d—n the Cat!
 ‘ My wound before, is in my mind
 ‘ O’erbalanced by my wounds behind!
 ‘ And they shall hang me for a ninny
 ‘ If I again such ignominy
 ‘ Expose myself to—But I’ll fight
 ‘ At any time, for Britain’s Right.—

‘ Since Asses in the Lion’s hide
 ‘ Do into all professions glide,

‘ I will not ’gainst the NAVY speak,
‘ Altho’ I’ve in it found a TEAK ;
‘ He is but one—and I had wonder’d
‘ To find all worthy in an hundred,
‘ Nor need I of the sample wail
‘ When ninety-nine resemble DALE.—

‘ But after all, I still must say
‘ I’m sick and weary of the lay !⁷⁶
‘ And should I sail again—Permission
‘ I’ll beg to carry a Commission ;
‘ Then punishment—the ipse dixit
‘ Of one Oppressor cannot fix it
‘ Upon my character, nor skin,
‘ Unless the fault with *me* begin.’

—Home went our John—with keen
vexation

His Parents mark’d his alteration—

His cheek was pale—his eyes were sunk—
His voice was low — his frame was
shrunk—

At length he plainly told his Father,
That tho' he lov'd his KING, he 'd rather
(For reasons which he would not say)
Serve him in any other way—
And for the present, from his home
He did not wish again to roam——
His Father kindly acquiesced,
So there we let our Hero rest.



NOTES



NOTES

- ¹ We take this method of declaring once for all, in the most unequivocal manner, that notwithstanding *all* the incidents described in this work have, we believe, at one period or other actually happened, the *characters* are *every one* of them wholly and absolutely *imaginary*.
- ² *Scraper*, a cocked hat; *coatee*, a short coat.
- ³ Signals of being about to sail.
- ⁴ *Doodeen*, a short tobacco pipe.
- ⁵ *Westerly* winds are extremely prevalent in this neighbourhood. Sheerness is divided into 'the Garrison' and 'Blue Town.'
- ⁶ *Kit*, stock of clothes, etc. etc.
- ⁷ *Luffs*, lieutenants.
- ⁸ *Reefer*, a midshipman.
- ⁹ *Dover Court*, all talkers, no hearers—like a French Chamber of Deputies.
- ¹⁰ *Crab*, cheese mixed up with vinegar, mustard, etc.
- ¹¹ The *Master at Arms* is the FOUCHE of a man-of-war; his understrappers are called *Ship's Corporals*.
- ¹² The *Steerage* is that midship part of a frigate which lies between the gun-room bulkhead and the mainmast. The midshipmen generally hang their hammocks there.
- ¹³ Caliban—'Sometime like *apes that moe and chatter* at me, and after bite me.'—Shakespeare's *Tempest*.

- ¹⁴ *Stanchion*, a sort of pillar to support the deck, or rather the *beam*.
- ¹⁵ *Pumps*, these are situated close to the mainmast, and to a stranger look like a little labyrinth.
- ¹⁶ It is not easy to explain this passage to a reader who has never been on ship-board. *Surge ho!* is a term used by the men attending the *capstan* on the main deck; the *messenger* is a stout hawser which winds round the capstan, and is lashed to the cable while the anchor is getting up. *Paul!* is a term used when they want to cease heaving, and secure the capstan from turning back again.
- ¹⁷ *Billy*, the Royal William; *flying kites*, small sails.
- ¹⁸ *Galley-packet*, a packet or report, invented in and circulated from the *galley* or kitchen of the ship.
- ¹⁹ *Banyan*, a sort of frock; *banyan day*, is a day on which no *meat* is served out to the men.
- ²⁰ *Psalmsinger*, an epithet expressive of the greatest possible contempt.
- ²¹ *Kid*, a small tub.
- ²² *Holy Stone*, a stone used for scouring the decks, and which makes a great noise in a morning.
- ²³ *Turn the turtle*, to get under a hammock, and lift it up in the middle, thus pitching the sleeper out on one side of it. This, and *cutting down*, are the common methods of wakening a person who *has been* called *once* to get up and keep his watch, and has fallen asleep again. The tricks which may be played off on a novice in a hammock are innumerable.—*Grampusing* is when a man falls asleep on deck in his watch, and is put in mind that he ought to be awake, by having a pailful of salt water poured on his head.
- ²⁴ *Caulking*, lying down to sleep upon the deck, so that the pitch in the seams sticks to one's clothes.

- ²⁵ *Cleats*, pieces of wood resembling in shape a single-arched bridge inverted; these are nailed to the beams or deck, and the hammock suspended to them at each end; *slippery hitch*, a false knot in the laniard or cord which supports the hammock; *reef the sheets*, to roll them into a hard ball; *knetties or clues*, small lines which allow the hammock to expand.
- ²⁶ *Seized*, tied up.
- ²⁷ He *whistles*, because those within hearing may be satisfied he is not *eating* the plums.
- ²⁸ *Tom Collins*, of necessity—this *Tom Collins* must have been some very positive gentleman, who always carried his point.
- ²⁹ *Burgoo*, thick oatmeal and water; *dogs' body*, squeezed pease, sometimes called *Soldier's Joy*.
- ³⁰ To *buy goose*, to suffer punishment.
- ³¹ *Soldier's wind*, a wind by which one may both *come* and *go*; *Ketchups*, shoals near Lisbon.
- ³² *Dog Watches*, the shortest watches, being those from 4 to 6 and 6 to 8 o'clock in the afternoon; all the other watches are of four hours' duration.
- ³³ *Sea pie*, a sort of stew.
- ³⁴ *Scuttle*, a very small window.
- ³⁵ *Cook's tormentors*, meat fork.
- ³⁶ (And others), *Galoot*, *hawbuck*, *gulpin*, *greenhorn*, *griffin*, etc., terms of contempt.
- ³⁷ *Parson Adams*, vide 'Joseph Andrews.'
- ³⁸ Naval games.
- ³⁹ From the extreme of plenty down to the bare Government allowance of provisions.
- ⁴⁰ *Murphies*, potatoes.
- ⁴¹ Various sea dishes.
- ⁴² To satisfy his ravenous appetite.
- ⁴³ The *Jolly boat* is generally hoisted up across the stern of the ship.

- ⁴⁴ *Tom Cox* was certainly either some great *Lawyer* or great *navigator*, for his *traverse* has become proverbial.
- ⁴⁵ The youngsters all do (or ought to) keep *Journals*. The AMERICANS are famous for making theirs interesting. Example; 'A.M. Gentle zephyrs from the northward; saw a porpoise to windward; caught a shark, and let it go again. P.M. Moderate and squally; heavy rain—large drops—as big as that blot ●, etc.'
- ⁴⁶ (And the following.) The two ships in this case were rapidly approaching each other; the *Capricorn* therefore *goes about* (tacks) to gain time to prepare for action—the French ship *bears up* (*i.e.* runs away before the wind, or nearly so), the *Capricorn* follows her, and the engagement ensues.
- ⁴⁷ Alluding to the *head money*, which is five pounds for every prisoner.
- ⁴⁸ The *Sound*, Plymouth Sound.
- ⁴⁹ *Made*, made a Commander.
- ⁵⁰ To *skylark* is to play boisterously.
- ⁵¹ The *sweepers* are generally the worst-looking fellows in the ship; *fancy men*, favourites with the ladies.
- ⁵² (And following.) The sailors' doxies are in the habit of smuggling liquors on board in bladders under their petticoats. It is the office of the ship's corporals, etc., to reconnoitre these critical regions. The following *poetical* dialogue between a sailor and the first lieutenant is well known, and refers to such a circumstance—

'Sir, my wife's alongside!

Please to let her come in?'

'Yes, you dog,' says he,

'But mind she brings no gin!'

'GIN, she never drinks any,
 And RUM she can't afford !'
 'Come, send for the Master at Arms,
 For I shall not take your word !'

Then up the side they come,
 And down the ladder they trip—
 'I've *done* the blackguard,' says she,
 'So d—n me, let's have some FLIP.'

- ⁵³ *Turnips*, the Cyprian symbol of Cuckoldom.
⁵⁴ *Thwarts*, the transverse seats in a boat, for the rowers.
⁵⁵ To *catch crabs*, in rowing, is to entangle the oar in the water.
⁵⁶ 'In the wind'—'Shaking a cloth'—*i.e.* intoxicated.
⁵⁷ *Dingey*, a small boat.
⁵⁸ The naval captains (not without reason) complain heavily of the expense they are continually subject to, in receiving letters upon other people's business.
⁵⁹ It is said that in the starboard birth of the QUEEN'S cockpit, young officers used formerly to pass a regular examination in *slang* and *blackguardism*.
⁶⁰ *Bring up*, to anchor.
⁶¹ *Palisades*, the burial place at Port Royal.
⁶² The *Flag*, the flag ship.
⁶³ *Johnny Jumper*, a black *slave-driver*.
⁶⁴ (And the following) every thing belonging to the *law* is treated very irreverently on board ship.
⁶⁵ Sailors believe that no person can thoroughly understand *good manners* without coming to *sea* to learn them.
⁶⁶ A *king's hard bargain*, one who receives pay without earning it.
⁶⁷ To have been '*begotten in the Galley, and born under a Gun,*' constitutes a thoroughbred man-of-wars-man.

- ⁶⁸ Many naval captains adopt this mode of speaking of every officer, etc., in the ship they command, except the master, whom they invariably style 'THE master.'
- ⁶⁹ *Cap à bar*, to plunder, pillage.
- ⁷⁰ To *start*, here means to *thrash*.
- ⁷¹ *Acting Dickey*, an acting lieutenant; one who is not confirmed by the Admiralty.
- ⁷² *Royals*, the sails above the top-gallant sails. The French generally cut theirs in a squarer shape than the British.
- ⁷³ *Cross-trees*, in this case, mean three transverse bars at the main top-mast head, and consequently a great height from the deck.
- ⁷⁴ *Rock Scorpions*; a nickname for the inhabitants of, and the small privateers belonging to Gibraltar.
- ⁷⁵ To turn *in all standing like a trooper's horse*—i.e. with all one's clothes on.
- ⁷⁶ *Sick of the lay*, tired of the pursuit.

THE END









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